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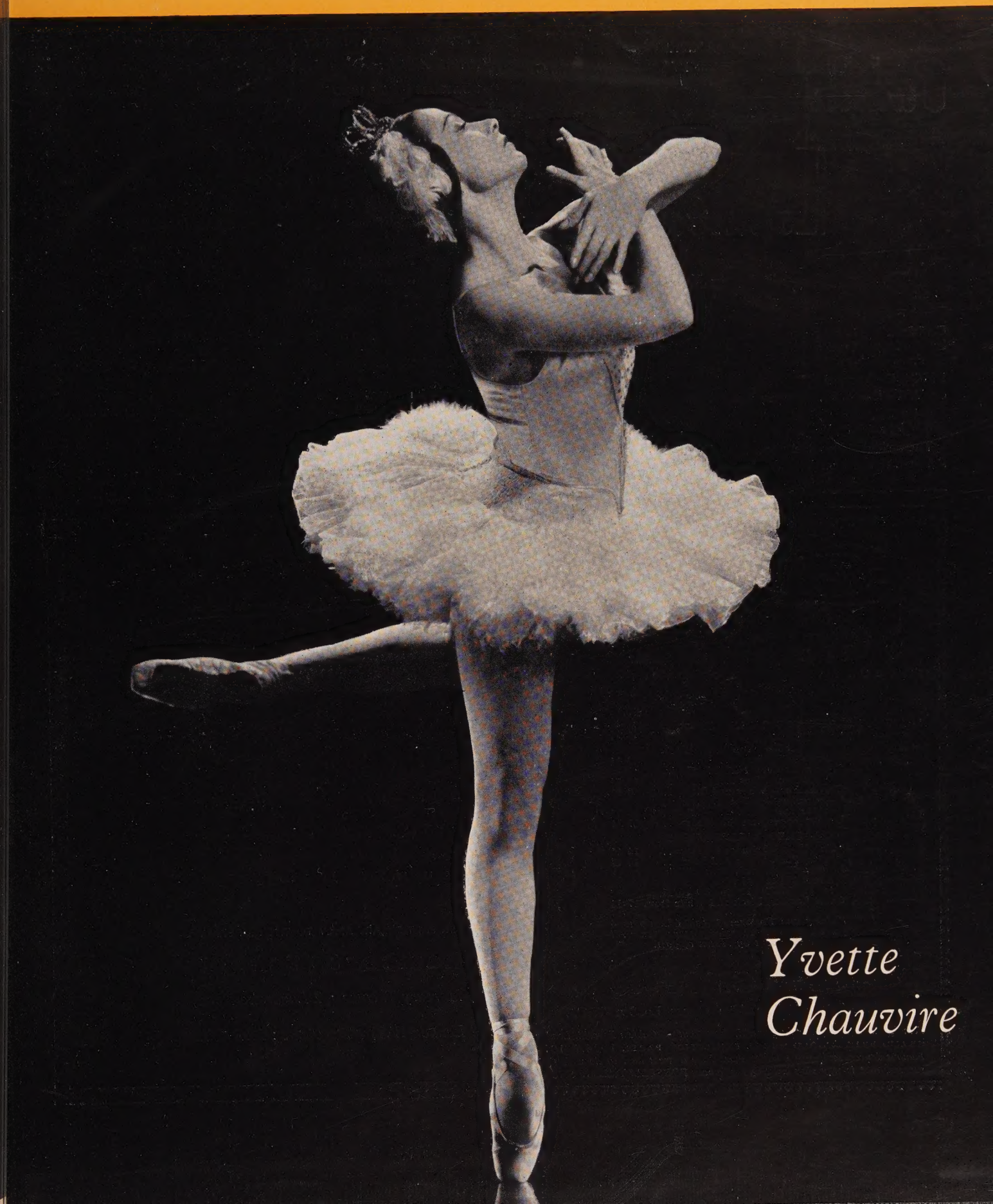

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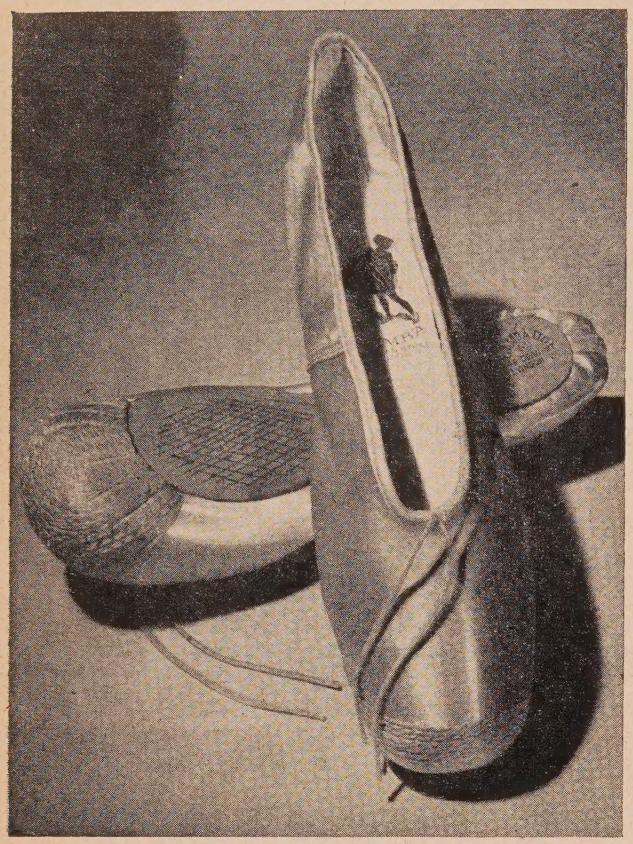

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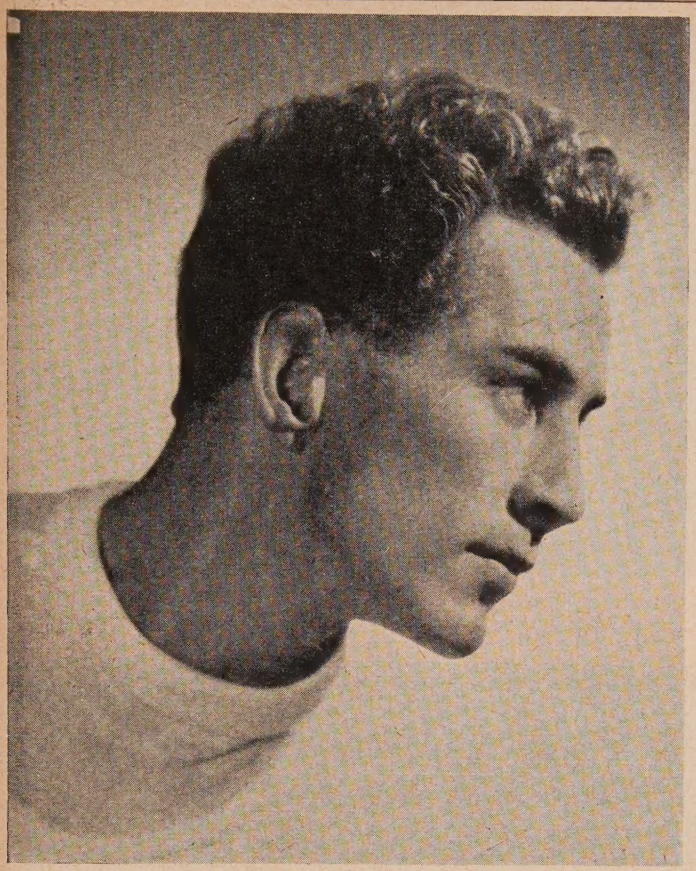

Photo: Patricia Larthe

MICHAEL CHARNLEY

Reason: For bringing a fresh approach to the art of choreography in England

MICHAEL Charnley was born in Manchester. Intended by his family to be a veterinary surgeon and having other ideas of his own, he ran away from home at the age of thirteen. For a time, he was training to be a farmer on the Scilly Isles. Here he was captured by ballet in a most singular way. He was approached by an astrologer (yes, astrologer) who asked him if he had ever wanted to be a dancer. Merlin, or whoever he was, then showed him photographs of the Ballets Jooss and the young Charnley immediately recognised his future career.

He wrote to Jooss, whose manager sent him to the School at Dartington Hall. At the end of a month, Charnley was given a scholarship. Having a leaning towards classical ballet he spent some time dancing with Sadler's Wells, but returned to the Jooss company from 1943-1946. In 1947, he was in America, where he had a job on NBC television. It was here that he gained his first experience of choreography. A spell in Beatrice Lillie's show *Inside U.S.A.*, choreography by Helen Tamiris, was followed by a return to Europe—as guest artist with the Flemish Opera.

After a short illness he came back to England in 1950, the story up to now being completed by his appearances as dancer and choreographer at Ballet Workshop. Then he was invited to create *Symphony for Fun* for Festival Ballet.

Charnley's ambitions are innumerable. He wants to dance, choreograph and teach; he wants to work in ballet, television, musicals and films. His immediate aim is to produce a narrative ballet. How far all these ambitions are to be fulfilled remains to be seen, but he is assuredly one of the most promising young dance creators to emerge in British ballet since the war.

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October 1952 Vol. 3. No. 10

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Assistant Editors: CLIVE BARNES DAVID RAHER

WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

Thoughts on September 5 in the morning

THERE is not much point in having a wonderful collection of dancers, as we have in this country, if they have nothing new and interesting to dance. This has been the general cry from those who give these matters any thought.

This morning I am contented. The past few days have convinced me that the development of choreographers is now a matter of the first importance. On Monday, September 1, we had the first work for Festival Ballet by Michael Charnley. He is a product of Ballet Workshop and the cheers which echoed around Festival Hall at the conclusion of *Symphony for Fun* could have deservedly been for the organisation which first gave him a stage. Charnley has something new to say to British ballet and those who only have seen his charming light ballet can have no idea of his undoubted range. Let us hope that Festival Ballet, who have so wisely given him a public showing, will allow him to develop on the lines he should. Both they and he will thus reap rich rewards.

Cheers also echoed around Covent Garden after the first performance of Ashton's *Sylvia* on September 3. Britain's greatest choreographer has reconstructed the seventy-six year old ballet so that it retains its period atmosphere and yet seems as fresh as the water from Eros' fountain in its own first act. Those who eternally carp and declare that the work lacks excitement should remember that they are so used to the climatic thrill of Tchaikovsky, Petipa, Ivanov Ltd. that they forget how different a thing was ballet before the blinding advent of the Russian consolidated company. Everything was soft, rounded and sweet. Ashton has retained all that while superimposing his own personal beauty of invention and choreographic pattern. The two periods have been wedded with tact which could only come from a master.

Cranko's *Reflection* was not greeted with cheers at the Sadler's Wells Theatre last night. Applause, rather polite for this theatre—but certainly not cheers. And yet when the final Cranko story comes to be written I should not be surprised if this ballet were considered to contain the essence of his later work.

Reflection is not an easy ballet to comprehend at first seeing. The theme, as printed in the programme, is muddling when related to what is happening on the stage. Forget about the theme and concentrate on the movement and its executors, and it will be seen how much Cranko has progressed. Some of the choreography is startling in its originality.

I much doubt whether any other country to-day could produce three works of such varying importance in this short space of time. But the building-up of this onslaught has taken a long time. Such things are bound to take many years.

The credit must go first of all to Marie Rambert, who had the foresight to see, in the dim dark ages of British ballet, the potentiality of Frederick Ashton. He was further developed by Ninette de Valois, to whom must go the entire credit for John Cranko.

To Rambert's daughter and son-in-law (Directors of Ballet Workshop) and Anton Dolin must go the credit for Michael Charnley. They all have just cause to be proud of what has been achieved.

But this achievement should give nobody cause to think that now is the time to rest on those worthy but uncomfortable laurels. As I have said before, creation is one thing but continuance is the most difficult. The future lies in building an edifice upon the sound foundations which have been laid by these pioneers in the despised territory which was once British ballet.

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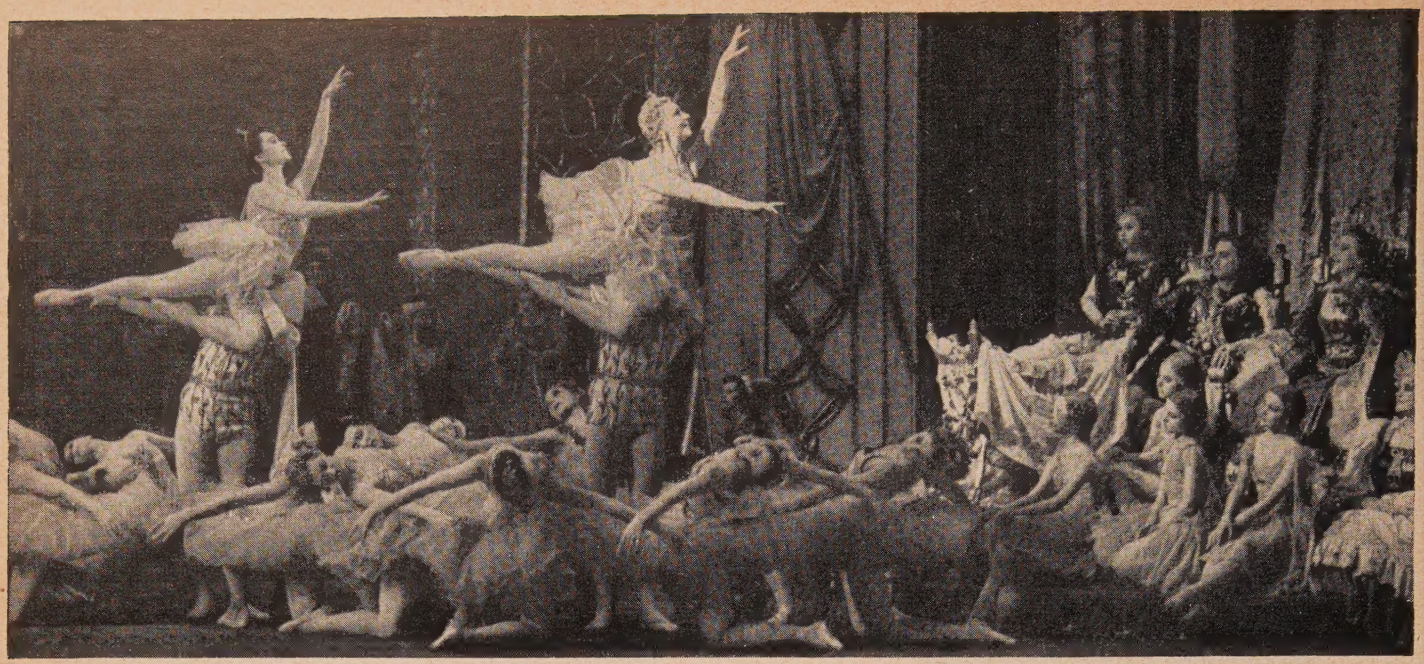


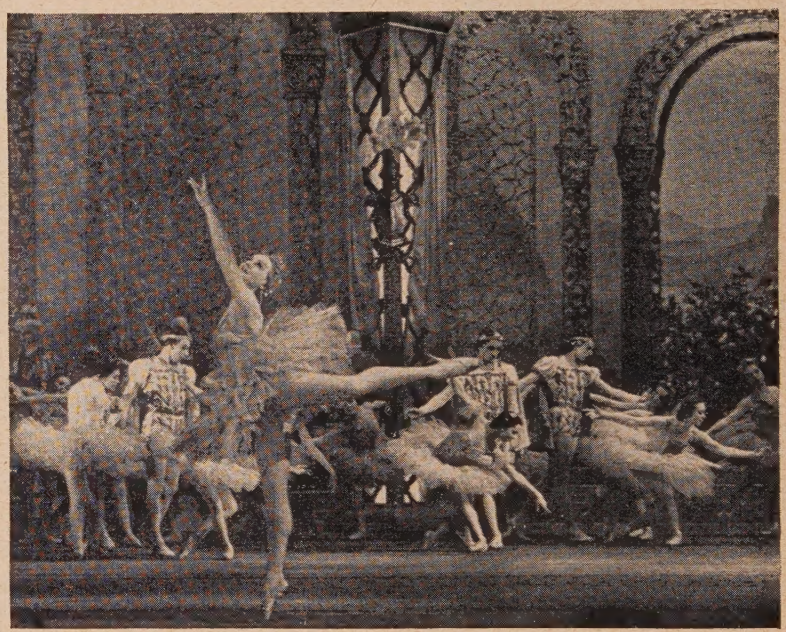
The fairies pay homage at the christening of the Princess Aurora. This is the moment at the end of the ballabile *before the disturbing element of the entrance of the wicked fairy Carabosse. King Florestan XXIV and his consort are seated, right, by the cradle of their child.*

TCHAIKOVSKY CLASSICS IN SOVIET RUSSIA

New production of The Sleeping Beauty

THE photographs by the Russian photographer Mabushev, on this page and the top of the opposite one, are of the new production of *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow. First seen in April of this year.

Among those interested in ballet all over the world there is great curiosity about the ballet behind the Iron Curtain. A careful study of these five photographs will reveal much of the manner in which the classics are presented in Russia to-day. They also reveal the lines upon which the dancers are now trained in the great schools which keep strictly to the traditions of pre-Soviet Russia.



Above: *Tcherkasova during the Lilac Fairy's variation in the Prologue. Hers is the last of the variations danced by each of the six fairies to celebrate the christening of Princess Aurora.*

Left: *The villagers dance with flowers to celebrate the sixteenth birthday of Princess Aurora. This dance in the first act, to the famous waltz, is known as the Garland Dance in English productions.*

The wicked fairy Carabosse comes to the sixteenth birthday party for the Princess Aurora. Carabosse (played by Sangovitch) is seen showing the spindle to a peasant, who appears to be most intrigued. The other peasants and courtiers are seen admiring the portrait of the young Princess. The interesting point about this photograph is that it shows that there is much more play with the spindle than there is in English productions.

The grand pas de deux *from the final act with Struchkova as the Princess Aurora and Kondratov as the Prince.*

. . . . . and three ballerinas in Swan Lake

These photographs show three ballerinas of the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, as Odette in the second act of *Swan Lake*. Here also it is possible to get some idea of the type of ballerina which Russia is producing.

Top left: *Tikhomirneva as Odette and Messerer as Prince Siegfried in the final moments of Act two before Odette leaves to change back into a swan.*

Bottom left: *Semyonova as Odette and Kondratov as Prince Siegfried at the end of the* adagio *in Act two.*

Right: *Galina Ulanova, the greatest of all contemporary Soviet ballerinas and possibly the greatest ballerina in the world, as Odette in the second act of* Swan Lake.

TWO YEARS OF THE WORKSHOP—AND THE WORK CAN GO ON

The Glyndebourne way for ballet experiment

By CLIVE BARNES

THE aim of Ballet Workshop was to provide an outlet for the creative talent which could not be used by the commercial (i.e. public) ballet theatre.

Choreographic ability can only be discovered by trial and error. Choreographers can only gain craftsmanship by seeing their work performed.

The problems besetting the composer or designer wishing to break into ballet's narrow circle are no less formidable. Experimentation, either of untried artists or unhackneyed artistic conceptions, is a costly business, almost impossible for the large ballet company to undertake. Consequently a theatre club specially for this work was the obvious answer. The need for such a club was a matter of common consent. Now after two seasons it is possible to assess Ballet Workshop's success in filling that need.

It was obvious from the start that the audience was to be the guinea pig of the experiments. Bad ballets, the price paid for artistic enterprise, were inevitably going to be produced and the audience was bound to suffer.

ACHIEVEMENT WITHOUT PAIN

Well, we have suffered—but surprisingly little. Only two or three ballets have been genuine horrors. Even the worst of the others have had something to commend them. What is more, a number of good ballets—good, that is, by any standards—have been produced.

The central purpose of Ballet Workshop is to encourage talent, not mainly to produce good ballets—even the full-scale companies can occasionally do that. Over thirty ballets and divertissements have been given, many of them the first efforts of their creators.

The work of Jack Carter and Michael Holmes, both of whom had small reputations before the advent of the Workshop, has been fostered and developed. Of the new choreographers, Michael Charnley and Peter Darrell have been the most interesting. These four choreographers are all worthy of a far larger audience than the Mercury can provide. Indeed, as far as one can judge, in Charnley it seems as though the Workshop has made a discovery of great importance, while each of the other three is a potential first-class choreographer.

In music and decor the Workshop's contribution up to now has not been quite so valuable. Even so, the number of new scores commissioned is impressive and the indefatigable Musical Director, Michael Hobson, has acquired a vast experience of composing for ballet. Both Hobson and Leonard Salzedo have produced music of value.

The most satisfactory decors have tended to be by established designers, including Honor Frost, Leslie Hurry, Kenneth Rowell, Hugh Stevenson and Ronald Wilson. A few worthwhile young artists, notably Kenneth Aadams and Tom Lingwood, have been given their first opportunity of designing for ballet.

Qualitatively, the achievements of the Workshop have, I feel, exceeded the most hopeful of expectations. Quantitatively, more ballets have been produced here in two years than in any other corresponding period during the short history of British ballet. So, we may ask, what! The Workshop is not an end in itself but is intended to serve as a gateway—perhaps sieve would be apter—to the commercial theatre.

Is the commercial theatre making use of the facilities offered?

It is not. The attitude of ballet in general to the Workshop has been chicken-hearted. On the credit side we must place the Ballet Rambert's inclusion in its repertory of Paltenghi's *Scherzi delle Sortie* (House of Cards), a ballet first produced at the Workshop. This is soon to be joined by Charnley's *Movimientos*. Charnley and Lingwood have also been commissioned by Festival Ballet to create *Symphony for Fun*.

All this is encouraging but most companies have remained aloof, their dancers spurning the Mercury stage, their directors avoiding the auditorium. Recently Frederick Ashton offered to present a prize to the best ballet produced at the Workshop during the year. This is a generous and appropriate gesture from our greatest choreographer and also a welcome indication that the national ballet is prepared to look favourably upon Workshop activities.

It must be stressed that the Wells cannot be made responsible for employing the choreographic talent Ballet Workshop unearths. The Sadler's Wells organisation has its own way of promoting choreographers.

DE VALOIS POINTS THE WAY

If no help can be expected from the Wells who can use the products of Ballet Workshop? If no one can use choreographers it is pointless to waste time, energy and money in searching for them. Fortunately, in a far-sighted article Dame Ninette de Valois has recently put forward a possible solution to the difficulties of the talented choreographer on the point of graduation into commercial ballet.

Her suggestion is that with the support of the Arts Council or some similar body, a young choreographer should be apprenticed to each of the major British companies. The possibilities of this scheme should be carefully considered. Dame Ninette, or someone else in authority, should put it before the Arts Council. If they feel unable to assist, the ballet companies themselves could support a special communal fund for this purpose. They could raise money by such means as a midnight matinee, with seats at outrageous snob prices, in which all the companies and dancers collaborated. State aid is excellent for ballet but ballet should not be above helping itself when occasion arises.

What is to be Ballet Workshop's future? Its aims are unchanged—but for how long is it to be allowed to continue working for them?

At the moment London appears to be breaking out in a rash of choreographers' workshops. The Sadler's Wells dancers have announced their intention of forming a committee and running what has been described as an "inter-departmental" organisation of their own at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. The International Faculty of Arts has also decided to sponsor programmes similar in scope to the "Original Ballet Workshop."

This is a free country. Experiment and constructive competition are admirable. However, it is a matter for regret that all organisations and people struggling for the same ends cannot pool their resources and abilities. The Sadler's Wells organisation is a closely-knit unit and one can well see that for them a separate experimental organisation, simplifying as it would the difficulty of rehearsal time, will probably be advantageous. When this Sadler's Wells Workshop is established it is to be hoped that it will co-operate closely with the Mercury.

The principal danger, although this is not affected by the Wells venture, is that the available talent, choreographers, dancers, etc., will be split up. The essential part tht audience plays in experimental activities must also be remembered. If the supply of experimental performances exceeds the demands of that audience everyone interested in promoting new creative artists will suffer.

MONEY WITHOUT SUBSIDY

Finally a word about Ballet Workshop finances. Ballet is expensive. The Workshop, although it can run on a shoe-string, still needs money to buy the shoe-string. Its sources of income are limited. Membership is one source, the selling of tickets is another.

Every performance is sold out, but the capacity of the Mercury Theatre is small and the seats moderately priced. Membership has probably reached saturation point. There are only so many people in London interested enough to back the future of ballet with hard cash and once that number has been reached it cannot be increased. Another source is the selling of ballets to companies and television. A certain amount of money can be produced this way, but not much.

The Workshop also receives indirect help from the Arts Council, through a grant to the Mercury Theatre Trust Ltd. Thus reasonable loss can be met. In the past, Arts Council policy has not allowed for grants to club theatres but recently there have been signs that this ban is slowly being raised. So perhaps more money will be forthcoming.

In all the arts today there is a far too easy reliance upon State munificence. But the State is not the only substitute for the extinct private patron; there is also public subscription. The problem of raising money was tackled by the Glyndebourne Opera by the formation of the Glyndebourne Festival Society. To this, people have subscribed money, with no strings attached, for the furtherance of the altogether praiseworthy Glyndebourne ideal.

Ballet Workshop probably requires about £400 each year for comp'ete financial stability. If 400 people formed a Society to back the Workshop's aims and contributed £1 each a year the important work now being done at the Mercury could continue in perfect security.

YVETTE CHAUVIRÉ

by ANTON DOLIN who presented and partnered her

Chauviré, after her first performance of Giselle *with Festival Ballet at Festival Hall on August 27. She and Anton Dolin are being congratulated by Colette Marchand, also a ballerina from France.*
Photo: Roy Round

I HAVE possibly danced with and presented more famous ballerinas than any other dancer of today. As I have said frequently, I always have an intense pleasure in the ballerina's success, and quietly I rejoice in the fact that just a little of her success was due to me.

With Festival Ballet recently, Yvette Chauviré, France's great dancer, gave four very exciting and highly successful performances as guest artist.

She gave two performances of *Giselle* with me as her cavalier; on another night, she gave her own moving and exceedingly personal interpretation of Anna Pavlova's famous solo, *The Dying Swan;* and finally an impeccable and really wonderful appearance in *The Nutcracker* with John Gilpin as her partner.

Her appearances were duly recorded by the English dance critics, who paid suitable tribute to her great artistry. It surprised me considerably when I realised that two well-known critics let her performance pass unnoticed. Not quite the way to behave to an eminent guest, I think; nor does such casual behaviour show a proper concern for Anglo-French relations. However, that is by the way.

My purpose in writing these few words is not to rhapsodize about Yvette Chauviré's technical abilities but to try, if I can, to explain her position in the world of the dance.

First and foremost she is a ballerina, being as she is, in the best tradition of the great ballerinas of the past. That she was ever allowed to leave the Paris Opéra is something which I shall never understand. There, more than anywhere else, they need a star and Chauviré is a star in every sense of the word—both on the stage and off. In each of her costumes in the ballets, in her tights and jersey when practising or rehearsing, in the Balmain creations she wears with such distinction, the star quality is always there.

Her musicality is unequalled; when she dances she is visual music.

In physique she is by no means tall, nor can it be said that her physical proportions are perfect. But her use of her long wavering tenuous arms gives an extraordinarily extended length of line.

Two years ago when Chauviré was first our guest she was on form, of course, but none of her performances reached the height of her recent ones at the Royal Festival Hall. The style and authority of her *adagio* in *The Nutcracker* were a joy to behold and an inspiration not only to her partner, John Gilpin, but also to the entire company.

I was happy to see her dancing with a good supporting company, for while a ballerina, like a jewel, always has her intrinsic worth, her beauty and that of the gem are almost always enhanced by a suitable setting.

Since together with Dr. Julian Braunsweg I first formed the company three years ago, it has been my policy both in London and Monte Carlo to engage as guest artists the few great ballerinas of today. My object in so doing has been to assure our young company a chance of seeing and profiting from their personal contact with the great artists of our profession.

Of all our guests, two in particular have, by the honesty of their work, given real inspiration to the company. They are ballerinas of vastly different style and approach—Alexandra Danilova and Yvette Chauviré. I thank them both.

by PETER WILLIAMS who saw her from the stalls

THE performances of ballerinas, worthy of the name, do not vary so much in the classics as those who weave webs of words around these performances would have us believe. Interpretations alter slightly and some dancers are better at executing certain steps than others—but that is all.

The main question is at what point a ballerina is entitled to have that overworked epithet "great" applied to her. Having seen most of the ballerinas of this century I can still think of only five or six worthy of such appellation. Many ballerinas have been great in certain roles, but taking their work as a whole one could not say that the highest crown was theirs.

In her performances at Festival Hall (August 27 to 30), Chauviré appeared to have regained the stature she revealed when she first appeared with Lifar's company at the Cambridge Theatre soon after the war. More than any ballerina she seems to epitomise the traditions of her country. Ballet crystallized as an art form in France and Chauviré carries the torch which so many times has shown signs of flickering out.

As a true child of the Paris Opéra where the ballet *Giselle* was first given a hundred and eleven years ago she gave a performance of that ballet, in which every fibre of her body seemed conscious of her heritage.

Her first act was a dramatic triumph which could only come from a dancer steeped in the histrionic tradition of Racine and Corneille. Her every movement reacted to, and was the result of, the narrative being enacted on the stage.

How touching was the radiance of blind love in the simple trusting peasant girl for her swain. How naturally she fitted into the village life of which she should so obviously be a part (not completely "apart" as has been the way with many ballerinas). Her natural peasant shyness was not coy as is so frequently the case.

The manner in which she carried the pitcher on her shoulder, in the Ducal refreshment scene, was charming. It was a definite movement which proved useful later in her madness.

The incident with Bathilde's gift of a necklace was original. When Giselle received it she did not at first appear particularly grateful. Unused to receiving rich presents she was too stunned to realise completely what had happened. Going over to one side of the stage she fingered each bead. Gradually it dawned on her that she had something more beautiful and costly than anything anyone had given her in her brief sheltered life. In her excitement she rushed round to the attendant villagers proudly displaying her gift.

It might seem that this was merely a small but touching incident. It was actually far more important. In this way she conveyed her background; no long passage of words could have explained more clearly all that had gone before in her life.

Her mad scene was a long soliloquy. It might have been a scene from *Phèdre.* She played it down-stage-centre in the same way as Rachel must have done in the great tragedies a hundred years ago. If a dancer has such acting ability, this seems to be the way it should be done. As far as the story is concerned she is, at this moment, apart from earthly behaviour. She is on the mezzanine between this world and the next. The spectacle of that poor crazed creature struggling to piece together the shattered fragments of her life was moving enough to fill the tear-ducts of this hard-bitten old critic.

If her second act did not reach these heights, it seemed mainly due to unaccustomed *tempi* and a stage upon which she had not had time to place herself. I shall always be grateful for one of the loveliest supported *arabesques* I have ever seen at the end of the *adagio.* Those who saw her second performance report that in this act also she was supreme. All through she was partnered by Dolin, completely restored to the top of his form. More I cannot expect.

For *Giselle* I was prepared, to a certain extent. For *The Nutcracker* I was not. I had expected a competent performance but no more. The extraordinary lack of construction in this ballet does not give a ballerina much chance of displaying more than technical ability. Yet Chauviré, by her artistry, made the Queen of the Snow and the Sugar Plum Fairy into definite characters.

From the moment the curtains parted, revealing the Queen in command of her icy region, she was imperial. Waving her arms majestically there was no question about her being top person. In the *adagio* her limbs unfolded like changing frost patterns on a window pane. Her variation was crisp and perfectly executed.

In the last act she was like spun sugar—dainty without being affected, sweet without being sickly. Together with John Gilpin she gave an exciting *pas de deux.* Her variation was less so but here again it may have been partly due to unaccustomed *tempi.*

These two performances, so completely on opposing ends of the classical scale, convinced me that Chauviré is truly France's greatest ballerina.

First works in Greenwich Village

CHOREOGRAPHER IN THE MAKING

By David Raher

On January 13 the first work of an unknown choreographer appeared on a program of the Choreographer's Workshop. The ballet, *Persephone* (two acts), was slick; that the well-trained dancers were amateurs was not at all obvious. Provided with a new score (Robert Silverman) and attractively designed (Reed Arnow), this first work drew critical praise. Its author, all agreed, deserved an "A" for effort.

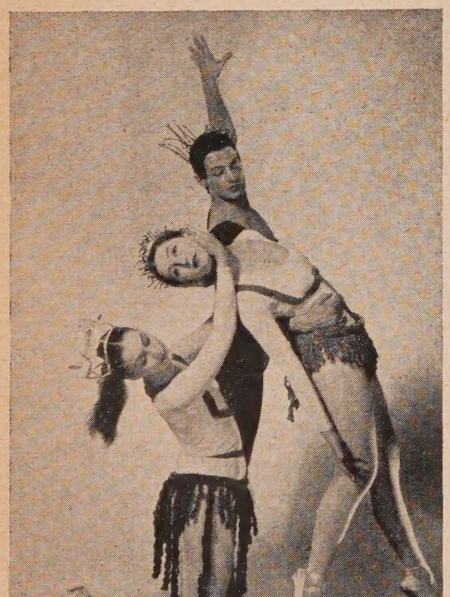
CHOREOGRAPHER Robert Joffrey, still in his early twenties, hails from Seattle, Washington. He is a mixture of Italian (on his mother's side) and Afghanistan (on his father's side). Physically he is the tiniest dancer-choreographer (5 ft. 5 in., 125 lb.) in recollection.

Joffrey's significance is to be found in the closely cropped head, the sentimental big black eyes and the ready smile at the corners of his mouth.

An asthmatic at eleven, he was sent to ballet school in Seattle with the hope that it would help him. At thirteen, he began serious study with Mary Ann Wells, middle-aged Seattle teacher who started her school at seventeen and has been teaching uninterruptedly ever since. "A wonderful teacher," says Joffrey. "She has a marvellous faculty for bringing out the individual quality of her pupils in a most unorthodox way. She makes you dance and love dancing at the same time."

Frank Hobi (N.Y. City Ballet), Tommy Rall (Ballet Theatre) and Marc Platt (Movies) got their early training from her.

Miss Wells sent Joffrey packing to New York City four years later; she felt she had done all that she could for him.



Demeter (Helen Murielle), Persephone (Lillian Wellein), and Pluto (Gerald Arpino) in Joffrey's Persephone *created early this year for New York Choreographer's Workshop.*
Photo: Walter E. Owen

"I don't believe in prolonged training," said the grey-haired, bespectacled teacher, during a recent visit to New York. And so says Joffrey. In his third year in New York, Joffrey, still excited by the city, insists he has been lucky, which may account for the way he feels. His is the kind of wide-eyed optimism that baffles cynical New Yorkers.

Gordon Hamilton, who was appearing with Ballets de Paris at the Winter Garden, discovered Joffrey at the School of American Ballet in the autumn of 1949 and suggested that he joined Ballets de Paris. It was the beginning of his lucky streak. He sailed through the audition for Roland Petit with flying colours.

Helped by misfortune

The second phase of luck occurred when Hamilton had a leg injury. To Joffrey went the hapless Briton's roles—the Hunchback in *Les Rendezvous*, the leader of the bandits in *Carmen* and one of the chefs in *L'Oeuf a la Coque*.

He was popular in the company, particularly with Petit, who affectionately called him 'Boy'; and Colette Marchand, who referred to him as her "Bebe"; a fact that made it difficult for him to decline Petit's offer to remain with the company for its American tour.

A brief departure from ballet brought him in contact with moderns May O'Donnell (former Martha Graham soloist) and Gertrude Schurr. Concertizing with May O'Donnell earned him a brilliant notice from N.Y. Times critic John Martin.

Teacher in Manhattan

Two years ago Joffrey applied for the job of ballet teacher at the recently created High School of Performing Arts (in existence about four years). The school, on West 46th Street in Manhattan, offers training in music, drama and dancing to youngsters who aspire to be professionals. Also required is completion of the usual courses of secondary education.

After wading through tests resembling those given to public school teachers and only remotely related to ballet, Joffrey landed the job. Other faculty members include Lillian Moore (dancer-writer), Lucas Hoving (from Jose Limon's company) and Jose Martinez, onetime dancer in Kirstein's American Ballet.

Robert Joffrey, the promising young American choreographer, who is the subject of this article.

The term begins in September and ends in June. Joffrey teaches beginners and intermediates. At the Workshop's once-a-week affair, pupils are at his disposal for experimenting with choreography. Out of the Workshop came *Persephone*, his first ballet, and *Scaramouche* (Strauss), his second.

Scaramouche had its first performance at the School's Spring Dance Concert on May 24. Both works will be performed this November in conjunction with the Choreographer's Workshop at the renovated Theatre de Lys in Manhattan's Greenwich Village.

Collective works next year

Next spring, sponsored by Trudy Goth of the Choreographer's Workshop, Joffrey will present a group of his works to comprise one half of the program being presented at the Theatre de Lys.

Joffrey prides himself on his rapidly growing collection of literature, lithographs and souvenirs of the ballet.

Cover Stories

This month's front cover, by Maurice Seymour, is of Yvette Chauviré in *Swan Lake*. The great French ballerina recently appeared with Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall.

CHAUVIRE was born in Paris and educated at the school of the Opera. Graduating to become the principal ballerina she left to join Les Ballets des Champs Elysées in 1946. Her first appearance in London was at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden with the Opera Ballet during the coronation of George VI. Her next appearance was with Serge Lifar's Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo at the Cambridge Theatre in 1946. She appeared with the Paris Opera Company on several occasions after her departure, but in recent years had danced as guest ballerina with many companies all over the world. Now she has her own group which has its headquarters at the Marigny Theatre in Paris. Starred with Mia Slavenska in the French film *La Mort du Cygne*.

The back cover, by Denis de Marney, is of Patricia Miller and Pirmin Trecu as the Lovers in John Cranko's new ballet *Reflection* for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

MILLER was born in Pretoria, South Africa, in 1927. She studied with Cecily Robinson and Yvonne Blake of the South African National Ballet, also with Dulcie Howes of the Cape Town University Ballet. With these companies she toured South Africa and at times was partnered by Frank Staff. She came to England and joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in 1947. She created the role of Beauty in Cranko's *Beauty and the Beast* and also the principal role in Michael Somes' *Summer Interlude*. Later, Cranko created the principal part in *Harlequin in April* for her.

TRECU was born in Zarauz in the Basque country. His family were cabinet makers and he too would have followed this trade had he not become a refugee from the Spanish Civil War. He came to England in 1937, where he was educated. Studying art at the Croydon Art School he was one day taken to see the Sadler's Wells Ballet. From that moment he decided to make dancing his career. After one year at the Sadler's Wells School, he joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre ballet in 1947. Gradually he has come to take principal roles until to-day he is one of the most important male dancers in the company. He taught himself to play the castanets in his spare time and occasionally gives the dances of his country in the regular programme. The most popular of these is *Jota Toledana*.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

Revival

First given at Sadler's Wells Theatre on May 20, 1935. Revived at the same theatre for Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet on June 18, 1952 (with Alexander Grant as guest artist in title role). First performance with all members of Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet on August 29, 1952.

Ballet by Gavin Gordon after William Hogarth. Choreography, Ninette de Valois. Music, Gavin Gordon. Designed by Rex Whistler.

Scene I.—The Reception

A young man has just inherited a fortune and we see him taking possession of his new house and effects. He is surrounded by dubious characters desirous of exploiting him. He takes lessons in dancing and deportment and parts freely with money to all and sundry.

There is an interruption in the form of a pure young girl whom he has betrayed. She is accompanied by her mother, who demands the marriage of her daughter.

The Rake .. .. DAVID BLAIR
The Tailor .. .. .. DAVID POOLE
The Jockey .. .. .. WALTER TREVOR
The Fencing Master .. .. DAVID SHIELDS
The Bravo .. .. .. MAURICE METLISS
The Horn Blower .. .. DONALD McALPINE
The Dancing Master .. .. PIRMIN TRECU
The Betrayed Girl .. .. MARYON LANE
Her Mother .. .. .. VERONICA VAIL

Scene II.—The Orgy

In gay, if disreputable, company the young man tastes the joys of wine, women and song.

The Rake and
Ladies of the Town .. PAULINE WADSWORTH
ROMAYNE AUSTIN, DOREEN TEMPEST,
SHIRLEY BISHOP, STELLA FARRANCE
The Dancer .. .. .. STELLA CLAIRE
The Servant .. .. .. JOAN BLAKENEY
The Rake's Friend .. .. DAVID GILL
The Ballad Singer .. HERMIONE HARVEY
Musicians .. .. DUDLEY DAVIES,
DONALD McALPINE

Scene III.—Virtuous Interlude

Agents are about to arrest him for debt. The pure young girl is able to buy them off with her savings.

The Girl, the Rake and
The Creditors .. .. .. DAVID SHIELDS,
MAURICE METLISS, DAVID POOLE

Scene IV.—The Gambling Den

He seeks to recuperate his fast waning fortune by gambling. He loses consistently, however, and becomes more and more distraught.

The Rake, his Friend, and
The Gamblers .. .. .. WALTER TREVOR,
DONALD McALPINE, MAURICE METLISS

Scene V.—Near the Prison Gates

He is now in prison for debt and the pure young girl displays her undying devotion to him in spite of everything.

Scene VI.—The Mad House

Worn out by debts, wasted by disease and consumed by remorse, he ends his days in an asylum for raving lunatics.

The Girl, the Rake and
The Gentleman with a Rope STANLEY HOLDEN
The Card Player .. .. .. DAVID GILL
The Violinist .. .. .. DAVID SHIELDS
The Sailor .. .. .. DAVID POOLE
The King .. .. .. GRAHAM McCORMACK
The Pope .. .. DUDLEY DAVIES
Visitors .. .. .. ROMAYNE AUSTIN,
SHIRLEY BISHOP, STELLA FARRANCE

ALL artistic works fluctuate in popularity throughout the years. After initial success, reaction sets in and remains for some time. If the particular work is worthy enough, it will again achieve popularity.

The Rake's Progress is a work which has gone through such vicissitudes. With the surfeit of plotless works, this ballet with its strong plot is again as successful as ever it was.

How well de Valois has made Hogarth's characters live! With the greatest economy she turned it all into good theatre. Little doubt that in spite of some fine performances on larger stages, it is at the Wells that it gets over with the greatest impact.

The Rake's Progress is the sort of work which the younger company give so well. Every tiny role appears to have been built with loving care.

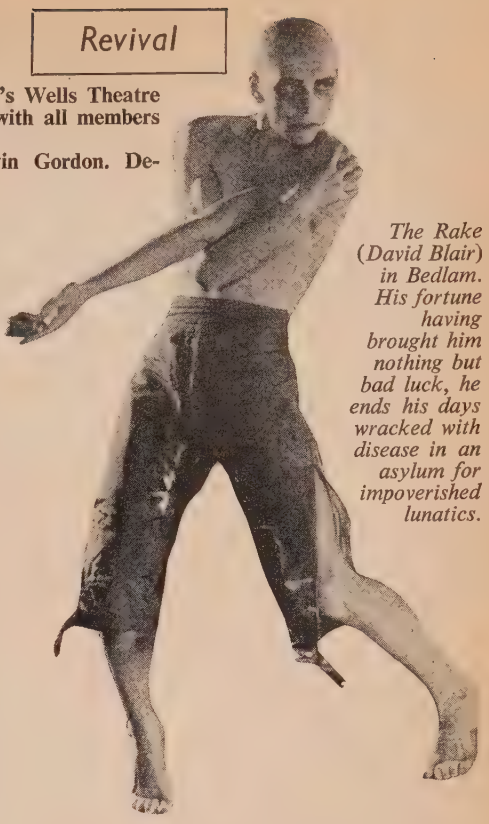
As the Rake, David Blair dances brilliantly. His characterisation in the early part of the ballet still needs attention. Impossible to believe that such a person could ever become so dissolute and decayed; he has too much youthful charm. His debauchery in the brothel is too stylised and lacks lecherous impulse.

In Bedlam, Blair really comes into his own. This half-crazed creature is pathetic and moving. His dead eyes staring across the footlights are those of a person whose mind has lost any sort of coherence.

The two Betrayed Girls I have so far seen—Sheilah O'Reilly and Maryon Lane—are good. Both will undoubtedly get better. O'Reilly is more the intense sentimental girl who would be blinded by the Rake's faults. Lane's early interpretation is a bit fuzzy but she reaches dramatic intensity in the final scene. Neither conveys the poignancy of the lonely girl working on embroidery, as did Markova or Farron.

Whistler's designs remain a monument to his innate good taste. Gavin Gordon's score, though not great music, is most apt and completely indispensable.

Peter Williams



The Rake (David Blair) in Bedlam. His fortune having brought him nothing but bad luck, he ends his days wracked with disease in an asylum for impoverished lunatics.

In the first scene, the Rake is surrounded by dubious characters. Intent on learning the graceful social arts, he employs a Dancing Master (Pirmin Trecu), seen right.

Having been over-generous with his fortune, The Rake tries to recover his losses in a gambling den. He is here with Donald McAlpine, David Gill and Walter Trevor.

Photographed by Denis de Marney

WALTER GORE IN AUSTRALIA

NEAR ENOUGH WON'T DO

Walter Gore, as Albrecht, and his wife, Paula Hinton, in the final moment of Giselle. *They gave this ballet during their recent visit to Australia.*

....and so we went to Australia, Suez, Aden, Colombo... you know the run. Long days at sea pitching or rolling or both until the flying fish are left behind, the Southern Cross appears overhead and Freemantle is just below the horizon. Which is where this story begins.

IT is a story of disappointment. Not in ourselves but in what we found there, for we had gone as optimists. Our predecessors had warned us that bewilderment and depression were to be our lot. We had been given an alarming description of what awaited us. But a description is never quite true. Reality is either just that much more beautiful or just that much more ugly; that much larger or that much smaller; much better or much worse.

This was worse. Why? With Government backing, and virtually no opposition (certainly none which could not be easily overcome); with a small theatre permanently available and a much larger one easily obtainable.

Why?... with scores of dancers to choose from, some of them with the making of star technicians and others with latent creative talents; but all without much hope of a real future. Why?... with large city audiences and year round out-back audiences waiting and wanting.

Why?... with an orchestra for which any company would be grateful.

All this is being terribly wasted. Ballet there, for its present and its ultimate good, is in the wrong hands. When that happens a rough time is had by all... well, almost all.

It's the same the world over. You make money out of it, you make prestige out of it or you make ballet out of it.

I have gone on record in the press and on the air, as saying that Australian ballet could reach world standard in five years. I still say it could, but I begin to doubt if it ever will, because the wrong mentalities have ballet in their pockets. There needs some winkling out to be done. But now! Perhaps someone will organise a *coup d'art*, bloodless of course, but ruthless.

What shocks me is to realise that this is happening in 1952. In 1926 we, in England, had few books, few pamphlets, few illustrations to help us, but this kind of muddling fiddle-in-the-middle didn't happen. We perpetrated horrors certainly; but we learned as we progressed. We did build from the ground up, painfully and slowly, but thanks to our mentors we did build. We avoided the cardinal mistake of third-rate duplication.

The net result is that we have achieved tolerable success. After a generation, mark you. It has taken all that time, but still we are not satisfied. Yet with all this knowledge so painfully acquired and so freely available to others (books now by the ton, illustrations, photographs, articles, documentation ad boreum, enough to pave the way from here to China)—with all this, we see it being flouted. Discarded as useless. Unnecessary.

We see the cart not only being put before the donkey but being put upside down as well. We see the miraculous building of a structure beginning... from the top storey. Impossible? It is being gaily attempted over there.

THE PAST SHOULD MEAN SOMETHING

When I remember the years of rain and sun gone by and remember what those years stand for, it is more than sufficient to make for anger. Anger at finding oneself cheek-by-jowl with voices of "Near Enough." Anger because of what follows.

"You don't want to be so particular. It's near enough" (to make a yellow dress, green material is bought!)

"That's all right. You worry too much about details"... (one should turn a blind eye to a costume shape).

"That's how we've always done it"... (reply to a suggestion that the *tempi* are slow enough to kill the jump of a springbok... never mind the audience).

"I don't know why we bother with designers. The wardrobe is full of costumes we could use"... (perhaps there is after all no difference between Derain and *The Chocolate Soldier*).

"He always changes everything anyway"... (quite untruthful answer to query and suggestion that the choreographer in question is being mangled).

You follow the implications? If a dancer falls down on the stage the audience sees it and realises it. But when an audience doesn't realise that a ballet is being criminally assaulted before their eyes then the Director's obligations to art and the audience are being by-passed. Any Naval officer who so neglected his duty would not only be court martialled, he'd be keelhauled, flogged through the Fleet and set adrift with no bung in the boat.

Oh, it leads to a bottomless pit and makes one wonder whether The Apple has yet been eaten. Can one be so lacking in integrity, be so artistically dishonest and still hope to build a company? Is that old Phoenix to be dragged out by the scruff of the neck from its cosy nest of ashes time and time again to be stuffed anew with rusty clockwork and garnished with plastic feathers? One day that Phoenix is going to bite someone good and hard. I hope.

I wouldn't care, but there are audiences, dancers, and people in that vast country who want to do well by ballet. They see Australian ballet making no progress. They see people come and people go. They spend their time, their money, their enthusiasm and can see no reason why it isn't reaching out and spanning the world.

Within the groups, boards, movements, organisations, there are people who are puzzled by the instability of their ballet and who wonder why it cannot live and grow. Suggestions, some from experience, have been dismissed with a smile as being too difficult to put into practice.

Those who would be most useful shrug their shoulders and move off, trusting to luck. It is no use trusting to luck. There is no such thing in art. Achievement comes from hard, unremitting work. Not for one season or one year, but for life. It is heartbreakingly difficult from beginning to end, with no medals for the old lady.

MUCH WORK FOR THE AXE

Of course there are difficulties, occasional set-backs and near catastrophes, but when has it been otherwise? Don't we in England who began in the early twenties know only too well how hard it is to get one step forward without losing faith? Say what you like but you need purpose, integrity, a desire to know more than you will ever have time to know, and the decision to avoid the shoddy and the second rate. English ballet will, I hope, always be grateful for having these things instilled into it so that we do not think about them any more. Only when we meet the Make-do-and-near-enough people do we think about such things.

The future lives on the past and we are not likely to discard the knowledge we have been so fortunate in gaining. I see no point in ballet at all, if you don't believe in it. If it is to be regarded as a money spinner or a leg up the social ladder, a glorified Hunt Ball, then the sooner it dies the better. Some of us fortunately still find it an exciting pursuit of an ideal and hate to see it taken for a ride.

When we left England, Paula and I, we were both prepared not to return for several years. We hoped for a future amongst drive and ambitious clearsightedness... but what a disappointment. And yet I still say ballet in Australia could reach world standard in five years given the proper guidance. There is much work for the axe, but what a prodigious axeman is needed.

...and so we returned to England. Colombo, Aden, Suez... you know the run. Long days at sea pitching or rolling or both, until the Southern Cross has vanished, the flying fish are left behind and Tilbury is just below the horizon.

SYMPHONY FOR FUN

First given by Festival Ballet at Festival Hall on September 1, 1952. Choreography by Michael Charnley. Music, Don Gillis (*Symphony number five and a half*). Decor and costumes, Tom Lingwood.

CAST :

Overture for Sixteen..... THE COMPANY
Scherzofrenia
NOEL ROSSANA with LOUIS GODFREY, KEITH BECKETT, WOLFGANG BRUNNER, WALTER BURGESS
Spiritual
ANITA LANDA, JOHN GILPIN, with SHELAGH FRANKLYN, JOAN POTTER, PAULA GAREYA, SUZANNE SAROVA.
Perpetual Emotion..... THE COMPANY

THE curtain rises on dancers silhouetted on a large Venetian blind. In pairs they enter, each with a different method of approach, rather in the manner of Ashton's *Les Rendezvous*. In the second movement, Noël Rossana does a zany dance with four boys which is the full midsummer madness.

In *Spiritual*, Gilpin and Landa provide a complete contrast in an emotional *pas de deux* which owes something to all such numbers for soulful peasants. The final movement returns to the light-headed craziness of the second. Anita Landa is left bouncing a ball wondering at the strange behaviour of the rest of the cast who have collapsed on the ground.

IT is not easy to describe the gaiety with which Charnley has invested this work. What he has done, so perfectly fits the symphony of Don Gillis that it is hard to realise that it was not commissioned for the occasion. It was supposed to be fun and it is fun, nothing more or less. There is no underlying sociological or psychological theme.

Photographed by Roy Round

Charnley's style is original. It probably owes a lot to America. He has developed a style of his own entirely different from anything any other British choreographer has achieved. He blends classical and modern technique into something which does not suffer from the limitations of either. It is completely homogeneous.

He has been well served by the young dancers of Festival Ballet, who reacted splendidly to their being given something new to do and to having an individual role. The work also brought out a new side to Noël Rossana who does a series of brilliant turns to be caught in the air by each of the four boys—and in a kneeling position at that.

Gilpin was good in the slow movement, dancing in the way we have come to expect; but he curiously lacked the necessary emotion. As the girl with the ball, Landa added yet another gem to her rapidly mounting collection of perfectly conceived miniature roles.

The designs of Tom Lingwood were fresh and bright and could hardly have been bettered except for the white collars to the boys' coats which gave the dancers a rather hunchbacked appearance.

Peter Williams

Top: *Noel Rossana with Louis Godfrey, Keith Beckett, Wolfgang Brunner and Walter Burgess in the second movement of the ballet. Rossana scored the greatest personal success in this scene.*
Middle: *Anita Landa with Wolfgang Brunner, Walter Burgess and Louis Godfrey in the final movement*

Left: *The company in* Perpetual Emotion, *with Rossana on the left, Landa at the back playing with the ball, and John Gilpin centre in black. It will be noticed that the principals are on full point, but the* corps *are on half point. Charnley did this so that it would be less tiring for the* corps de ballet.

Above. Narcissus (David Poole) attempts to shake off Echo (Elaine Fifield) who is trying to absorb his personality. A moment towards the end of the ballet.

Below. Echo in the middle of the Adolescents. In their uncertainty the Adolescents try to imitate the movements of Tenderness and Aggression; sometimes they try to break away on their own. The Aggressive Child (Donald Britton) is kneeling, left; the Tender Child (Sheilah O'Reilly) is on the right. The photograph gives some idea of the decor designed by Keith New.

REFLECTION

New Ballet

First given by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, on August 21, 1952. First London performance at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on September 4, 1952.

Scenario and choreography by John Cranko. Music by John Gardner. Decor and costumes by Keith New.

CAST:

Narcissus .. .. DAVID POOLE
The Tender Child .. .. SHEILAH O'REILLY
The Aggressive Child .. .. DONALD BRITTON
The Lovers .. .. PATRICIA MILLER, PIRMIN TRECU
Echo .. .. ELAINE FIFIELD
The Adolescents .. MAUREEN BRUCE, YVONNE CARTIER, HERMIONE HARVEY, SARA NEIL, ANNETTE PAGE, DAVID GILL, DONALD McALPINE, MAURICE METLISS, DAVID SHIELDS, WALTER TREVOR

Photographed by Denis de Marney

The tragedy of Narcissus is that he is unable to project his emotions; they inevitably reflect back into himself. He tries to free himself of them by love and by dominance, but unloving and unlovable, he is alone and separate. His impulses find their response in Echo, who must absorb the personality of another in order to create an identity for herself.

THE above programme note would seem perfectly clear as to the meaning of Cranko's new work. Yet five minutes after the curtain has risen, the spectator is left in a state of bewilderment if he tries to associate the story with what is happening on the stage. It would seem far better to dispense with the story and leave the audience to put their own interpretation on to a cast list.

Before going any further, it is a sound idea to consider just how far Cranko has got as a choreographer. In this way it is easy to see the relationship of this new work to his previous works and to British ballet as a whole.

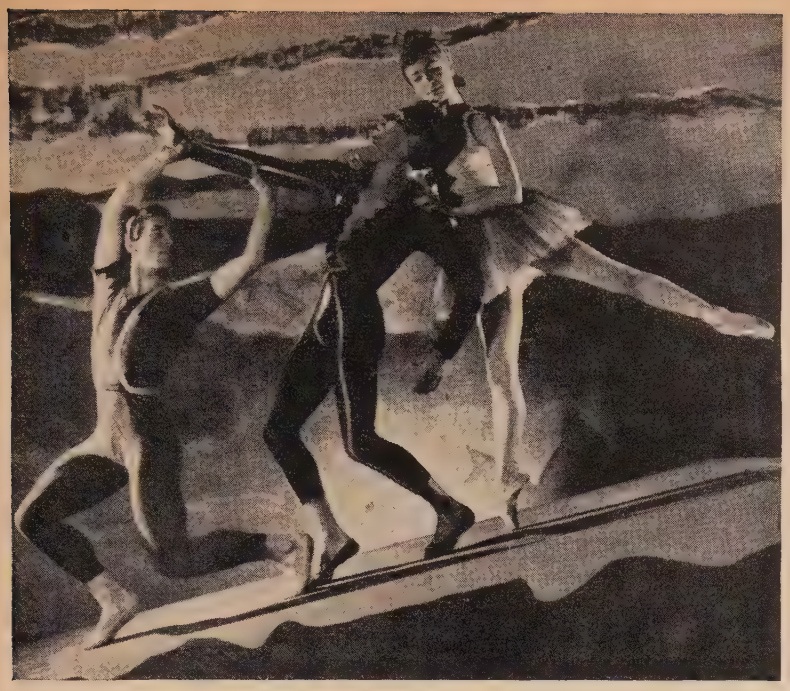
As a creator, Cranko is a see-saw. At one end is tragedy, at the other comedy. The full weight on the tragic side was *Harlequin in April;* on the comic side was *Dancing*. (The latter I consider to be superior to either *Pineapple Poll* or *Bonne-Bouche*.) In these two extremities, Cranko emerged as a person who owes little to any previous master. The success of his work as a whole has lain mainly in his limitless fund of ideas rather than in any particular invention of movement.

With *Dancing*, a new element crept into his comic side—invention of movement in a ballet which relied almost entirely on such an element. In *Reflection* the same element did more than creep into his tragic side. But in so doing it has destroyed any narrative value the ballet might have and as a whole it cannot be said to have bettered *Harlequin in April.*

Reflection nevertheless marks a step forward in his career.

Cranko does not often depart from the classical vocabulary but what he does with it is nobody's business. He twists it, turns it, and bounces it up and down. But like so many young creators, he does too much. The brain boggles at so many innovations until finally little emerges as a whole. The cake has been so saturated with rich fruit that no cake is left.

It is possible that after several visits, various things will start to make themselves more clearly felt. It is doubtful whether *Reflection* will make an immediate appeal to the public but it is possible that, in the course of time, the ballet will be considered to be the culminating point in the early part of Cranko's career.



Narcissus (David Poole) between the Aggressive Child (Donald Britton) and the Tender Child (Sheilah O'Reilly). These are the elements from which he tries to free himself so as to project his emotions.

Left: Narcissus and Echo. She has not yet changed to the black costume which denotes that she is trying to absorb his personality. This is one of the many interesting lifts in which the ballet abounds.

DANCING

AS with almost every ballet which Cranko has made, he has built each role around the best qualities of the dancers with whom he works.

For David Poole as Narcissus he has created a powerful role which, as it rightly should, dominates the entire work. Poole is an artist who makes up in expression what he lacks in technique. It is he alone who holds the ballet together and gives it any meaning. Some of the things he has to do are acrobatic, particularly when he twice makes a nose-dive into a circle of dancers and rolls out from between their legs.

One of the greatest surprises is the Echo of Elaine Fifield, who brings more emotion to what must be a difficult role to grasp, than in anything she has done previously. She is tender and lyrical without deviating from the underlying harshness. Although she does not enter until fairly late in the ballet she contrives to give the role as much importance as Narcissus. This is probably just what the choreographer intended and it will be a good thing if more roles of this kind are created for her so as to develop another side of her remarkable talents.

The Tender Child of Sheilah O'Reilly is just what the role implies. Few other dancers are as capable of imparting this quality. Donald Britton is outstanding as the Aggressive Child. He is tough and virile, leaping about as though he had no bones in his body.

The Lovers, Miller and Trecu, drift charmingly through the work, intent only upon each other. Of the Adolescents, who had something to do apart from the rest, Maureen Bruce was thrown about in a manner worthy of the most complicated music hall *adagio*.

It seems that this is the kind of work in which the company excels. No other company could give it better. What ability the dancers lack for romantic ballets they make up for in modern works.

Peter Williams

MUSIC

JOHN GARDNER, who wrote the music for *Reflection*, is on the music staff at Covent Garden and so, I presume, has heard a great deal of ballet music. His own first attempt at it (he has already written a symphony and some other works) is by no means modest as to ideas —in fact, it is a closely reasoned and logical piece of musical development in an idiom glaringly modern.

But music and choreography do not always see eye to eye. On the whole, the overall mood of dramatic urgency is followed by both choreography and music. Much of this music is staccato in quality, and in these sections the brittleness of the choreography is completely at home.

In the more lyrical passages (the dance of the lovers and the more tender moments of the hero) there is a great discrepancy. The dancing, although at reduced speed and using all manner of supported lifts, does not succeed in expressing the sinuous *legato* phrasing of the music.

This is due to a great extent to Cranko limiting his choreographic palette largely to classical technique; whereas the music, based on a modern idiom, is capable of almost infinite expression. There was a similar problem in *Harlequin in April*, but in that case Cranko found a solution in a much more free adaptation of classicism.

It is a long score, but the manner in which it achieves its dénouement is so logical that it never becomes boring—as music (but the same thing cannot be said of the ballet as a whole).

Here, then, is an extremely interesting new ballet score promising great things for possible future collaborations. It appears to have some deep roots in the Stravinsky of *Orpheus* and the Constant Lambert of *Tiresias*. On one performance, I find it hard to decide whether this fact alone is responsible for my having been constantly reminded of these other works.

David Hunt

DECOR

KEITH NEW is yet another designer fresh to ballet. His work seems to be somewhere between Graham Sutherland and Clavé. The subject must have been incredibly difficult to realise and if the design is not completely successful the reason must be put down to the complicated subject rather than to the designer's shortcomings.

His backcloth with its turbulent grey landscape and dark red sun is good. Most effective are the two predominating figures on each side of the stage, presumably representing the opposing natures in man. The figures glow in green and blue-purple like winter sun through a stained-glass window. A green ramp against the backcloth is a mistake, so also are two wings which look like prison bars. These things clutter the stage with design, confusing the eye and restricting the already limited space for dancing.

The design of the costumes is good but some of the colours are unfortunate. For instance, the girl Adolescents are in red; this at once suggests something far from adolescent. The blue of the boy Adolescents is right but the design is too sophisticated.

The mauve and green of the Tender and Aggressive children link Narcissus with the two figures in the decor. The white of the two Lovers' costumes make a cool relief in so much violence. The Narcissus costume is little more than all-over black tights with a simple design and the inside of one leg in a contrasting colour. Although not particularly original, the costume serves its purpose well.

Fifield has seldom looked better than she does in her two costumes. Her white one is changed to black as she takes on the personality of Narcissus.

Peter Williams

curtain up!

George Skibine and his wife, Marjorie Tallchief, with their twin sons, George and Alexander. They were born on July 3. This Lido photograph was taken on the beach at Deauville when the Grand Ballet de Marquis de Cuevas was giving a season in August.

Parenthood seems to have had an enlivening effect on George, who was reported to be dancing better than ever in Edinburgh.

Drama and Triumph

FEW people can have realised that behind the Festival Ballet season at Festival Hall there was grim drama. Not the ever-present drama of dancers dissatisfied with their roles, of wild unfulfilled threats, but drama which threatened the continuance of the company.

The season was conceived on a scale hitherto unknown and at enormous expense, a stage was erected to make the hall resemble a theatre. Had the season flopped, we should probably have not heard much more of Festival Ballet. It was a gamble worth taking and the company has won through.

So pleased are the London County Council with the reception and public response (forty thousand people attended in the first two and a half weeks alone) that they have invited the company to make Festival Hall their home and to appear regularly. The authorities intend to alter the hall to make a more theatrical stage and there is even talk of building an adjacent school.

For a company to enter into the front line of the world's best ballet companies in the space of three years (their third birthday was on September 12) is surely remarkable.

A gesture from France

YVETTE Chauviré's four guest appearances at Festival Hall were a resounding success. They placed her right back where she belongs among the foremost ballerinas of our time. Some concert performance a few years ago, when she was wrongly presented, did her untold harm with the British public; today, all that is forgotten.

After her final performance in Festival Ballet's *The Nutcracker* she was presented with four bouquets, two of which she carried for her first curtain call. On being re-called she brought the other two bouquets in their place. A simple but charming gesture from a great artist.

A gesture from England

FREDERICK Ashton's gesture in offering a prize for the best choreography of the year at Ballet Workshop is a noble one. It was at the Mercury Theatre many years ago that he first laid the foundations to becoming England's greatest choreographer. There are not many artists achieving such eminence who remember their early days and encourage what might be potential rivals. But Ashton need have no fear because he is secure in his place in ballet history and also in the affection of his public.

He says that he intends to judge the ballets without costumes and without knowing whom they are by. He is firm in his assertion that the prize is *not* for the choreographer most influenced by Frederick Ashton.

Ashton in Hades

AT last Gluck's lovely opera, *Orfeo*, is to be in the Covent Garden repertoire. It will be produced entirely by Frederick Ashton who is also choreographing the incidental dances, using members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

Poole goes home

DAVID Poole will be absent from the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet for three months. He is flying home to South Africa, partly for a holiday and partly to mount some ballets in Cape Town. His role of Jasper in *Pineapple Poll* will be taken over by yet another talented South African, Johaar Mosavaal. One almost wonders where British ballet would be without this stream of talent from South Africa.

Mosavaal is a recent graduate of the Sadler's Wells School, where he passed all examinations with honours. He appeared in Cranko's production of *The Fairy Queen* last year and was noticed for his promising work as Winter and also as a bird.

Ballerina in the background

NOT often do dancers who have occupied a position equivalent to that of a ballerina with one company go and dance in the *corps de ballet* of another. But Margaret Hill has taken this step voluntarily and seems quite contented. She feels that although she has learnt a great deal from Madame Rambert and that the change will be of great benefit to her. Let us hope that it will not be long before she is dancing leading roles in her new company, The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

Wells girdles the Earth ?

IS there something about England that the dancers of Sadler's Wells Ballet don't like? The prospect of their four months tour of America is filling them with such excitement that many of them have started to work out the number of days until they leave next September.

As the Wells are scheduled to be away from this country longer than the announced four months, there is much speculation as to whether they will continue round the world, taking in Australia and possibly South Africa on the way.

No more complaints, please

NOBODY can further complain that foreign dancers are ill treated by the Wells companies. Violetta Elvin is the second *Sylvia* at Covent Garden and also the lead in the revival of Ashton's *Don Juan*. Svetlana Beriosova has been honoured by being given the Swanilda role in *Coppelia* on the closing night of the season.

It's bound to happen—

In the Rose Adagio from the first act of *The Sleeping Beauty*

Drawn by Peter Revitt

Beriosova, who has a fine sense of these things, is well aware of the responsibility which she now shoulders. She was as excited as any ballet-goer about the new production of *Sylvia*.

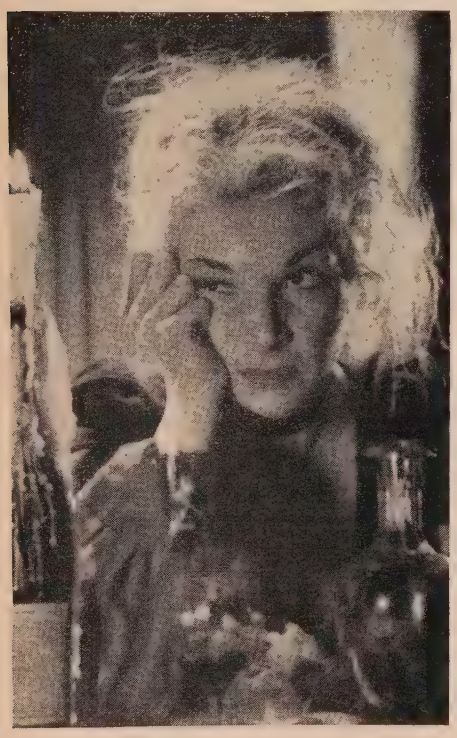
They lost their hair

DANCERS frequently have to make sacrifices in the cause of their art. For Michael Charnley's *Symphony for Fun*, the dancers of Festival Ballet had to have their hair cut short. The well-known hairdresser, Ivan, was called in for the operation and tears came to some of the girls' eyes as horse-tails several feet in length dropped lifelessly to the floor. Everyone now agrees that the shorn look is chic and the company can boast of having some of the neatest heads in the business.

Good cheese and Taglioni

GEORGE Balanchine has a nice sense of humour. After reading certain fancifully-written criticisms of his company, he called the dancers together. "You are very naughty," he said, "and so am I. You dance like cheese, I am told, and I am to blame. These critics must have forgotten the taste of good cheese."

At a recent lecture also, Balanchine mentioned Taglioni. "I cannot say how good a dancer she was. One famous critic today will tell you she was a very great dancer, but me—I did not see her."



GUESS WHO?

Who is this sad, dejected-looking creature? Surely she cannot be a dancer? She must be some old film star making a come-back.

No old film star, but a young and beautiful dancer who is starring in a straight role for the first time. She is, of course, Colette Marchand as Marie Charlet in the Toulouse Lautrec film—Moulin Rouge. *The film is now being completed at the Shepperton studios and will probably get a public showing before the end of the year. All those who have seen it in the making are amazed at the brilliance of Colette's acting.*

Photo: Duncan Melvin

A gusty Autumn shower and Claire Sombert is nearly carried away at the top of the Duke of York's Steps. This 18 year old French dancer is in London to star in Gene Kelly's film Invitation to the Dance *now in production at Elstree. She was chosen by Kelly, who saw her in the Paris studio of her teacher Yves Brieux. It was her exceptional line which decided Kelly to give her the role of the circus dancer.*

Her first appearance on the stage was only a year ago with the Janine Charrat company. This makes her the fourth French ballerina to appear on the screen in the past few months. The others are Leslie Caron, Renée Jeanmaire and Colette Marchand.

Photo: Duncan Melvin

Ballet Theatre for Coronation year?

NEW York Ballet Theatre are planning a European tour for the summer of next year. It is hoped that London will be included. Recent revival has been Lichine's ubiquitous *Graduation Ball* which surely must have been given by more companies than any other ballet. Riabouchinska danced the lead and Barbara Lloyd repeated her successful pigtail girl which she danced in London in 1947. A new ballet by Agnes de Mille has just been completed and works by Edward Caton, William Dollar and Dania Krupska are scheduled. Markova is dancing with the company for their season at the Metropolitan Opera house.

happy birthday to...

		Oct.
Douglas Steuart	Sadler's Wells Ballet	9
Jill Gregory	Sadler's Wells Ballet	10
Pauline Clayden	Sadler's Wells Ballet	12
Barbara Walczak	New York City Ballet	13
Graeme Anderson	Festival Ballet	14
Sheila Nelson	formerly Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	16
Marjorie Tallchief	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	19
Lydia Lopokova	formerly Diaghilev Ballet	21
Nadia Nerina	Sadler's Wells Ballet	21
John Field	Sadler's Wells Ballet	22
Pamela Hart	Festival Ballet	23
Margaret Kovak	Continental Ballet	23
Felicia Zaymes	Continental Ballet	24
Gwynne Ashton	Continental Ballet	27
Jennifer Andrée	Festival Ballet	28
Elaine Fifield	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	28
Louis Godfrey	Festival Ballet	29
Alan Baker	New York City Ballet	30
Serge Golovine	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	30
Janet Overton	Festival Ballet	30
Felicity Grey	Television	31
Michael Maule	New York City Ballet	31
		Nov.
Audrey Harman	formerly Festival Ballet	2
Isobel Wesley	Festival Ballet	2
Violetta Elvin	Sadler's Wells Ballet	4
Donald MacAlpine	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	4
Edward Gaillard	formerly Empire Ballet	5
Gordon Hamilton	formerly Ballets de Paris	5
Barbara Milberg	New York City Ballet	6
Oleg Briansky	Festival Ballet	9

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, 12 Phipps Mews, Eccleston Place, London, S.W.1. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post early.

Carpets old and new

THE twenty-one-year-old carpet on the floor of Sadler's Wells Theatre, of which many of us were completely unaware, is no more. The first night of the autumn season revealed a new red carpet which gave the theatre the lushness of a super cinema. That loyal and generous Vic-Wells Association gave £500 towards the cost and an anonymous donor gave £2,500. The place is rapidly losing its air of austerity.

Should anybody think of re-seating the auditorium, the Editor requests that some consideration is given to those wretched mortals who through no fault of their own are more than 6 foot. Row F in the stalls and the gangway seats are the only places where it is possible to sit through a performance without excruciating critic's cramp. The same goes for Festival Hall, where the seating appears to have been planned for midgets.

That was Kaye—that was

NORA Kaye had a busy day during the New York City Ballet's season at Covent Garden. She flew to France one morning, rehearsed during the afternoon and danced *Black Swan* at a gala in the evening. Asked later about her partner, she replied, "I'm sorry, I did not quite catch his name and there just was never time to ask him to repeat it."

Fanfare for us

WE are modest and retiring people on *Dance and Dancers*. Any tiny peep we might blow on our trumpets causes us to blush girlishly and hide behind the fan we hold in our other hand. But we must be forgiven if we felt a certain personal pride as we sat in our seats in Festival Hall on September 1 and listened to the continual cheering which greeted Michael Charnley's *Symphony For Fun*. Was it not us who from

the very start, championed Michael Charnley at Ballet Workshop? Was it not us who on a dark and stormy night conveyed at great peril, Anton Dolin to the Mercury Theatre to see the said choreographer's *Movimentos*? From then on things started to happen.

Taxed to the full

THE Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, where ballet is given during the festival, is usually a variety house. This resulted in a rather lively advertisement for the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas whose visit was announced in a frame bearing the bold inscription, "You have eyes to see and ears to hear—this show will tax them to the full."

Family exchange

AS our regular music critic, Evan Senior, is now so busy editing our companion magazine, *Music and Musicians*, we are glad to welcome his assistant editor David Hunt. In future he will deal with musical matters in *Dance and Dancers*. Our companion has had a phenomenal initial success and the first issue was sold out within a few days of publication.

Right pair, wrong company

MAUREEN Bruce and Donald Britton of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet were married as soon as the company arrived in Edinburgh to dance at the festival. The event was reported under the heading "Festival Ballet Dancers Marry." Mr. Dolin would doubtless be surprised at being presented with two new recruits for his company in this summary manner.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to this pair who have added to the ranks of what must be the most married company in the world.

More ballet twins

WHILE we are on the subject of adding to ranks, congratulations also to Fay and Veit Bethke for being the second lot of dancers to have twins within a few months, Kim and Lynne arrived on September 1 for early tea (3.49 and 4.5 p.m.)

Fay Hammond married Veit Bethke when they were both soloists with Metropolitan Ballet. Since then they have appeared together as guest artists with companies and in musicals. Veit is now one of the lively Remi Martel dancers in *Excitement* at the London Casino. He certainly has something to be lively about now.

Why are Margot Fonteyn and Frederick Ashton looking so pleased?

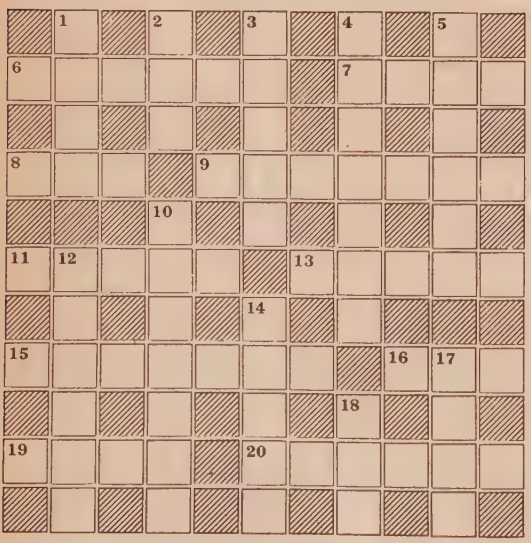
Because a few minutes before, the curtain had descended on the final act of *Sylvia* on the first night at Covent Garden (picture below) and the audience had cheered for eighteen minutes. *Photos : Barratt*

THE first night of *Sylvia* on September 3 was, apart from State galas, one of the smartest since the war. It seemed as though everyone from the world of ballet had turned up. Smartest dancer was Yvette Chauviré dressed in a calf-length crinoline of heavy black and white lace. She was with her husband Constantine Nepo. Another French visitor was Roland Petit.

Impossible to get near the crush-bar without bumping into famous personalities. Impossible to get near the crush-bar anyway. Valiantly battling through the throng was Madame Rambert, who had no chance of turning a cartwheel even if she had wanted to. Beryl Grey, looking charming and serene, was probably not so calm inside; two nights later she too would be dancing the title role. Moira Shearer also looked beautiful and serene after having had her first child a few weeks previously.

Also in the audience were two ballerinas who made the shortened *Sylvia* popular in England during the early years of this century—Dame Adeline Génee and Madame Lydia Kyasht. The latter was invited by Ashton, who took her on to the party given by the company after the performance.

Kyasht had attended some of the rehearsals and there she met, for the first time in years, the dancer who played the hero Aminta opposite her—Madame Mossetti.



CROSSWORD - - II

BEGINNERS CLUES

ACROSS
6. Whose prospects look grey at Covent Garden. (6).
7. Part of learning young dancers hope to do soon. (4).
8. Many ballet names end in foot wear. (3).
9. Whose collaborator was Ivanov. (7).
11. Used for Scottish dancing. (5).
13. Diets like Peter Williams. (5).
15. Appealing. (7).
16. A bit of material. (3).
19. Oh so you want to frighten The Swan. (4).
20. Where good elevation takes a dancer. (6).

DOWN
1. Is Fonteyn's career here yet? (4).
2. You may hope to catch the directors at auditions. (3).
3. Has the first chance of helping us enjoy a performance. (5).
4. With 12 down a Young Festival star. (7, 6).
5. Giselle weeps on her Mother's. (6).
10. Also engaged in the Veterans' puzzle. (7).
14. Dresses for the dance. (5).
17. A tour in France. (4).
18. A bit of Powell, not to do with money. (3).

VETERANS CLUES

ACROSS
6. See 14 down.
7. 14 and 6 are this early bird. (4).
8. In favour of, a dancer who gets paid. (3).
9. Name of a Morris dancer. (7).
11. The setting was self contained East North East initially. (5).
13. Describes the atmosphere for the Mad Scene. (5).
15. Has a new engagement with Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. (7).
16. Hope the dancers muscles don't become scenery. (3).
19. Dancer and choreographer, may be fatal by a bull. (4)
20. What the Spirit of the Rose has, without form. (2, 4).

DOWN
1. A trip or a spin. (4).
2. Receives Belita's dancing coldly. (3).
3. When Pavlova played Collins Music Hall. (5).
4. Mimed the comedy. (7).
5. Not actually seen following The Hussar in Beau Danube. (6).
10. Tights are no longer by hand. (7).
12. Another film ballerina. (6).
14. With 6, a romp in The Garden recently. (5, 6).
17. From the beginning, how a ballet ——— should be of interest. (4).
18. The five positions are this of dancing. (3).

The above crossword is for amusement only. The answer will be found on page 26.

New Books

. . . . NOW, THE LAST WORD HAS BEEN SPOKEN

The Last Years of Nijinsky, by Romola Nijinsky (Victor Gollancz, 15*s*.).

THE tragedy of Nijinsky was a private one. The world lost a supreme artist at the height of his career. The world mourned and then turned to other things. The legend continued, but the man, lingering on in the shadows, was forgotten by almost everyone except for his wife. The struggle she had to keep him in comfort makes pitiful reading—almost unbearably so.

As the years passed there were fewer and fewer people to remember. Other tragedies of a cataclysmic nature, in which everyone (including the Nijinskys) had their own personal tragedy, tend to make people forget something which happened long ago. And yet anyone who attended Nijinsky's funeral service could not help being impressed by the scores of young dancers visibly moved by reverence for an artist they never saw, but who lives in their minds as the pinnacle of their chosen art.

As one who also, in a minor way, has chosen to devote a life to the art of the dance, I cannot help feeling that this last chapter by Romola Nijinsky should not have been written. I would rather my imagination of Nijinsky were helped by the description of those who worked with him or were fortunate enough to see him dance. As it is I cannot efface those weary years of heartbreaking frustration, of doctors, clinics and shattered hopes. Yet it is a warning to us all that we should never neglect those who have given the world such pleasure. In time these things will be realised and put right, for there are far too many artists—Spessivtzeva in particular comes to mind—whom the world still chooses to forget.

Peter Williams

MR. FRANKS APPROACHES AGAIN

Approach to the Ballet, by A. H. Franks (Pitman & Sons, 30*s*.).

ONE of Dr. Johnson's most valuable maxims, Clear your mind of cant, is good advice for the critic. It reminds him to be fair. A complete absence of prejudice makes Mr. Franks' book an invaluable primer for the new ballet-goer. It has not the concise brilliance or the hot-gospelling fervour of Mr. Haskell's celebrated and irreplaceable guide, *Ballet*. But *Approach to the Ballet* is carefully reasoned and pleasantly readable. It is a soundly-constructed foundation upon which the newcomer can build his own opinions.

The book glances at the history and technique of ballet, at dancing in the cinema and on television and at ballet criticism. It ends with a sensible pronouncement on the critical faculty. In one section of the work he subjects a number of well-known ballets to his own critical method. Mr. Franks is not a great critic—ballet has yet to inspire such a lofty creature—but he is the next best thing, a sane one. Even those hardened souls who have approached ballet more times than they care to remember could probably learn something from his lack of partisanship. Here is a book to cure what Nicholas Bentley calls "ballet-ptomaine" poisoning.

The present edition has been brought up to date. Such things as a useful note on Ballet Workshop have been incorporated into the historical sections, while a few of the recent productions are discussed at length. A number of new photographs have also been added. The book is too highly priced for it to achieve the circulation it deserves. One hopes that when his publishers decide to send Mr. Franks up for his third approach they will cut the price to suit more modest purses. One economy could be to use art-paper only for photographs instead of for the entire book.

Clive Barnes

A PORTRAIT OF BERYL GREY

Beryl Grey. A biography by Gordon Anthony, with an introduction by Arnold Haskell (Phœnix House, 12*s*. 6*d*.).

FOLLOWING the books in this series, which included one on Fonteyn and one on Markova, Gordon Anthony has now produced 40 camera studies of Beryl Grey. The result is a rather mixed bag—some are charming (the portraits in particular), others are unfortunate (specially a picture of her, seated, in the first act of *Giselle*).

Some of the photographs have not been too well printed and others have been badly trimmed. The photograph of Grey in *Giselle*, Act II, is ruined by the fact that her fingers have been cut off; the same can be said of several pictures. There is no doubt that far the most successful are those which have completely negative backgrounds. Many of the pictures would have gained in effect had they been "bled off" at the bottom of the page. It nevertheless makes a valuable record of a fine artist. **P.W.**

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EDINBURGH FESTIVAL 1952

by Clive Barnes

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

IN London, the City Ballet got away to a slow and bad start. They were dancing better at the end of the season than at the beginning but this improvement could not affect the initial critical reaction. In Edinburgh, not only was the company dancing rather better than at any time in London, but the programmes were better planned. Consequently they had one of the biggest successes of the Festival.

The first programme started with *Swan Lake* (Tallchief dancing an Odette unrecognisable from her somewhat unfortunate London appearances), included *Picnic at Tintagel* and *The Cage* (no, it didn't shock Edinburgh either) and ended with an invigorating performance of *Bourree Fantasque*. The second programme was preferable.

It included the first performance in Great Britain (August 28) of Balanchine's *Tyl Ulenspiegel*. This was originally announced for the company's Covent Garden season but for various reasons was not given. It is a dramatic ballet with more drama than dancing in it, a theatrical piece with greater kinship to Loring's *Billy the Kid* than to *Symphony in C*.

TYL ULENSPIEGEL

(First performance in Great Britain August 28, 1952)

Music by RICHARD STRAUSS
Choreography by GEORGE BALANCHINE
Decor by ESTEBAN FRANCES.
Lighting by JEAN ROSENTHAL

Tyl Ulenspiegel..... HUGH LAING
Nell, his wife.....RUTH SOBOTKA
Philip II of Spain.....BROOKS JACKSON
Duke and Duchess
FRANK HOBI, BEATRICE TOMPKINS
Spanish Nobility
CONSTANCE BAKER, MARSHA REYNOLDS, ROY TOBIAS, STANLEY ZOMPAKOS
Woman.....BARBARA MILBERG
Soldiers, Peasants, Inquisitors, and Crowd.

Tyl Ulenspiegel shows Balanchine as the theatrical producer, a producer from whom even the celebrated Tyrone ("ballet is finished") Guthrie has much to learn.

There are many versions of the Tyl legend. Tyl, who was possibly an historic figure, has made his appearance in the literature of England, France, Denmark and Holland, mostly depicted as a hero in the European picaresque tradition (a tradition which in full flower gave us *Don Quixote*). In 1520, a Flemish edition of the tale showed Tyl as liberator of Flanders from the Spanish invaders under Philip II's general, the Duke of Alba. The nineteenth century Belgian novelist Charles de Coster based a novel on this and the novel has served as an inspiration to Balanchine.

The ballet is set to Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche* (Till's Merry Pranks), and on hearing the ballet's theme one might fear that the Merry Pranks have been disregarded. Not so. Our Tyl liberates his country by teasing the Spanish invaders with a series of outrageous practical jokes. Tyl is made the symbol of a suppressed nation's unquenchable spirit; he teases the Spaniards in just the same way as during the last war European resistance teased the Nazi occupiers.

The opening of the work (set to a drum-roll tagged on to Strauss's score) shows Phillip II struggling with Tyl, Tyl successfully pitting his stone and fishing net, representing the people's resistance, against the armed force of Philip. The rest of the ballet is an elaboration of the symbolic prologue—a series of practical jokes (Tyl as beggar, thief, mendicant friar, portrait painter, swordsman—all the time provoking

Diana Adams as the Wife after she has been turned into Iseult in Frederick Ashton's Picnic at Tintagel, *which is reviewed on this page.* *Photo: Walter E. Owen*

and mocking his aggressors) culminating in the death of the Duke of Alba from plague and the withdrawal of the Spanish fleet from Flanders.

The work's success depends primarily on the characterisation of Tyl. The role was created for Jerome Robbins, but was given in Edinburgh by Hugh Laing. In some of his roles this season Laing has been none too happily cast, but all is forgotten, all is forgiven for his performance as Tyl. London is infinitely the poorer for not having seen it. Laing's sardonic face had a grim underlying mirthlessness under the buffoon's grimace, there was a cruel arrogance to his practical joking, and when at the end of the ballet he squares his shoulders and strides off to get on with the task of "reconstructing" his country, he was like a symbolic figure of the now-dying hopes of post-war Europe.

In sharp contrast to most City Ballet presentations the production was lavish. Esteban Frances, who previously designed *Zodiac* for Ballet Society, fully lives up to the none too modest programme description of himself as "the brilliant young Catalan painter."

Other Works in the Programme

The rest of the programme included *Firebird* and *The Pied Piper*. In *Firebird* Tallchief was dancing well up to her performances of two years ago. Her smiling authority and womanly grace are a continual pleasure. At the matinee she was partnered by Michael Maule. He was satisfactory without being able to suggest the oriental Russian mysticism that Moncion manages to convey in the same role. Maule also danced with Arlouine Case in *The Pied Piper*, both newcomers having most of the sophisticated humour that the *pas de deux* calls for.

But it was *Caracole* that impressed me most. When I first saw *Caracole* I am afraid it had only small effect upon me. Perhaps we had all had a surfeit of Balanchine's plotless ballets, perhaps the Covent Garden stage was too large for it. In any case I now regard it as one of Balanchine's greatest works. With its incredibly exciting and beautiful variations, its myriad of miniature *pas de deux* in the *andante* and its amazingly dynamic *finale*, I see *Caracole* as more than just a perfect plotless ballet. It is also as a monument to the new American classic style.

Caracole, with its five splendid ballerinas Adams, Hayden, LeClercq, Tallchief and Wilde, supported by Bliss, Magallanes and Tobias, contrives to epitomise all Balanchine's achievements in America. This is the end of the beginning for the American ballet. The tradition has been transplanted. In twenty years time we shall see the fruit.

PICNIC AT TINTAGEL

Ballet in three scenes

(First performance in Great Britain August 25, 1952)

Music by SIR ARNOLD BAX
(The Garden of Fand, 1916)
Choreography by FREDERICK ASHTON
Scenery and Costumes by CECIL BEATON
Lighting by JEAN ROSENTHAL

The Husband (*King Mark*). FRANCISCO MONCION
The Wife (*Iseult*)..... DIANA ADAMS
Her Maid (*Brangaene*)..... YVONNE MOUNSEY
Her Lover (*Tristram*)..... JACQUES d'AMBOISE
His Rivals (*the False Knights*).
STANLEY ZOMPAKOS, BROOKS JACKSON
Her Chauffeur and Footman (*Heralds*)
ALAN BAKER, JOHN MANDIA
The Caretaker (*Merlin*)..... ROBERT BARNETT

To-day a mist-swept ruin, the Cornish Castle of Tintagel has been considered for centuries as the scene of the love story of Tristram and Iseult, which has inspired writers from the time of Geoffrey of Monmouth to Tennyson, Swinburne, Richard Wagner, Thomas Hardy and Jean Cocteau.

It is imagined that a party of tourists in 1916 (the date of the composition of the score), visits the castle. Overcome by the atmosphere that lurks among the ancient stones, they find themselves involved in an echo of the famous tragedy. When they recover their sense of time and are recaptured by the present, the power of the legend persists.

THIS is a very different ballet from Ashton's earlier *Daphnis and Chloe*. Both works provide modern commentaries on pairs of legendary lovers, but ballet-goers expecting in this new ballet the evocation of human love found in *Daphnis* will be disappointed. Ashton, apparently with deliberation, has avoided the fine ecstatic rapture inherent in the Tristan and Isolde theme. Instead he has produced a delicately conceived detective story. Mystery, even mysticism, is here; the Wagnerian-like magic of a love duet is missing.

The ballet's story has something in common with the time-plays of Mr. J. B. Priestley. One day in 1916, a picnic party visit the ruined castle of Tintagel.

Among the party are the Husband, Wife and Lover. Merlin, acting now as Caretaker to his past glories, doctors their wine, thus throwing the lovers, the husband and entourage into the heroic past.

The tragedy of Tristram and Iseult is then re-enacted, culminating in the slaying of the eternal lovers by the husband, who is typified as King Mark. The caretaker-magician enters and the past dissolves once more into the present. Mystified, half-remembering, half-forgetful, the picnic party hurry off, leaving the castle once more to Merlin. Whether the incipient tragedy will be avoided by this "subconscious" warning, or whether the party had been shown a past vision of a cyclic future is left to the imagination.

The prologue and epilogue to the ballet are beautifully done. The strange, mad character of the wizard Merlin and the strained behaviour of the tourists are presented with the utmost subtlety. The middle section, concerned with the actual legend, should have been the heart of the ballet, but is less effective.

The *pas de deux*, which demanded the best of Ashton, has more the competence of a master choreographer than inspiration. This whole portion of the ballet requires a more carefully formulated dance-vocabulary than the straight academic dance in which it is written. It has many incidental beauties, but a theme such as this needed the incandescence of genius.

In fairness, however, the company do not do the ballet full justice. Although neither Moncion nor Barnett could be easily bettered in their roles, the performance of Adams as Iseult was disappointing, while young d'Amboise (Tristram) danced well in a stiff-necked way but conveyed as much emotion as a pickled herring.

The ballet, while no substitute for *Illuminations*, is good second-rate Ashton (i.e., better than first-rate almost anyone else) and should have been given in London. The decor and costumes are Beaton's most important contribution to ballet since *Apparitions*. The score, Bax's 1916 tone-poem, *The Garden of Fand*, if not particularly interesting, is typical of its distinguished composer. Furthermore, the ballet would have balanced many of the programmes and given London a glimpse of the company's most neglected dancer, Robert Barnett. But if Ashton really wants to make something out of this exceptionally fine idea for a ballet, he should consider the possibility of a new score and a re-conceived middle-section.

GRAND BALLET DU MARQUIS DE CUEVAS

THE third and last week of the Edinburgh Festival saw Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas. This is a splendid collection of dancers. Especially strong on the male side (Skibine, Zoritch, Skouratoff, Golovine, Taras, Seillier and Sabline would be acquisitions to any company), led by Hightower, the company made an excellent impression on the Festival audiences.

But magnificent dancers alone cannot make a ballet company and the repertory presented was weak. The *corps de ballet*, particularly in a slip-shod performance of *Concerto Barocco*, left much to be desired. The ballets were deplorably lit and produced.

In many ways the company was dancing well. Hightower and Skibine were at their best form. Zoritch reacquired a technique to add to his artistry. Skouratoff and Moreau in the little they did were fine, but the personal score-cards of the individuals did not seem to add up to the considerable total they should. And the tragedy is that ballet badly needs the beneficial influence of a superlative international touring company.

Like John Webster, the de Cuevas Ballet is "much obsessed with death." In all of the five narrative ballets presented the conclusion was marked with a stabbing. Why? Were they trying to set up some kind of a record?

SCARAMOUCHE

Pantomime by PAUL KNUDSON; music by SIBELIUS; decor by WAKHEVITCH; costumes by RAOUL PENE DU BOIS; choreography by ROSELLA HIGHTOWER. First given in Great Britain at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, September 1, 1952

Scene: Leilon's House

Time: Between 10 p.m. and 4 a.m.

Leilon, the husband	JOHN TARAS
Gigolo, a friend	GEORGE ZORITCH
Blondelaine, the young wife	ROSELLA HIGHTOWER
Scaramouche, an adventurer	GEORGE SKIBINE

"To amuse his wife, a husband gives a ball. A group of gypsies with their chief, the handsome Scaramouche, come to dance for them and their guests. The young hostess is fascinated by Scaramouche and cannot resist his charm, and when the gypsies are dismissed by the husband, she follows the irresistible Scaramouche. The distressed and deceived host is comforted by a faithful friend who remains with him, but the young wife comes back repentant and imploring forgiveness.

Alas! Scaramouche follows her, using his charms as a weapon to overcome her resistance to follow him. The young wife, in a panic, knowing that she is not strong enough to resist the temptation, kills the fascinating Scaramouche."

NO theme is too melodramatic for ballet which can thrive on a diet of dramatic absurdity. There is nothing in *Scaramouche's* penny-dreadful narrative that could not have been absorbed into a good ballet. But its absurdity instead of being disguised by artistry was spot-lit by clumsy stagecraft.

Entrances and exits were made with all the unlikely convenience acceptable in a farce. The dagger so vital to the ballet's gory conclusion is engineered on to the scene with a flourish and obvious contrivance difficult to swallow.

The ballet is too long, as indeed are some of its individual variations, and is faulty in construction. The work's natural climax is reached when its heroine, repentant and bedraggled, returns to her husband from the woods—its continuation up to another climax with the death of Scaramouche lays it on too thick by half.

One could perhaps forgive such errors of judgment if the ballet possessed any great choreographic distinction or dance characterisation. Unfortunately it does not.

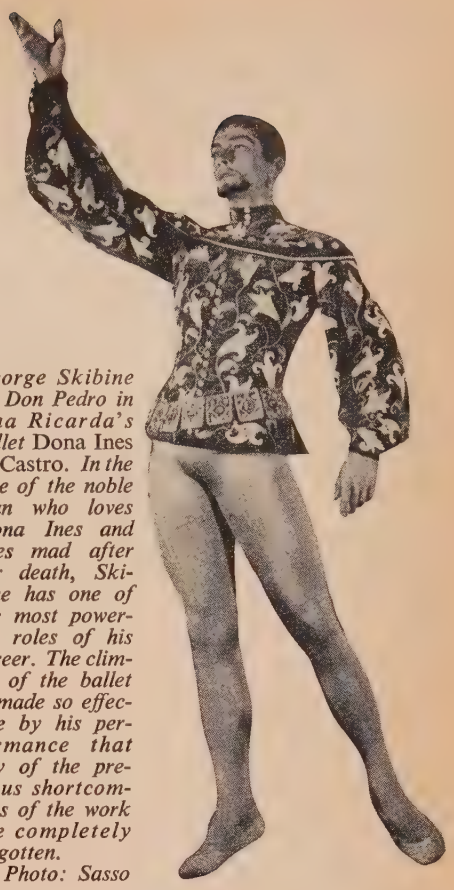
Both Hightower and Skibine—she all erring chastity, he all gypsy fascination—made the most of the Wife and Scaramouche. Taras beat his forehead eloquently as the Husband. Zoritch danced well in the somewhat preposterous role of the Friend.

These artists deserve so much better material.

Rosella Hightower, as Blondelaine, and John Taras as her husband, Leilon, in Scaramouche. *Hightower's ballet had its first performance at the Theatre de L'Empire, Paris, on November 21 of last year.*

Hightower's previous works as a choreographer include Henry the Eighth *which she created for Markova and Dolin in New York.* Pleasuredrome *which she made for the late Metropolitan Ballet with the first stage designs of Leonard Rosoman and a jazz score by John Lanchbery. Two years ago she made a ballet on Richard Strauss'* Salome *in which she danced the title role.*

Photo: Lido



George Skibine as Don Pedro in Ana Ricarda's ballet Dona Ines de Castro. *In the role of the noble man who loves Dona Ines and goes mad after her death, Skibine has one of the most powerful roles of his career. The climax of the ballet is made so effective by his performance that any of the previous shortcomings of the work are completely forgotten.*

Photo: Sasso

THE PRISONER OF THE CAUCASUS

Folklore Ballet by GEORGE SKIBINE, after a poem by Pushkin; music by ARAM KACHATURIAN (from the ballet *Gayane*); decor and costumes by M. and R. DOUBUJINSKY; choreography by GEORGE SKIBINE. First given in Great Britain at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, September 1, 1952

Scene I—A BATTLE IN A MOUNTAIN VALLEY
Scene II—THE CAUCASIAN CAMP
Scene III—OUTSIDE THE CAUCASIAN VILLAGE

The Warrior Chief	WLADIMIR SKOURATOFF
A Russian Warrior	GEORGE SKIBINE
Tcherkechenka	ROSELLA HIGHTOWER
An Eagle	LEON DE PIAN

"The action takes place in the 19th century during the Russian/Caucasian war. During a battle, a Russian officer is made prisoner by the Turks and is taken to their village where he is made a slave. A young Caucasian girl falls in love with the stranger and helps him to escape. In despair at his departure, and her treachery to her own people, she kills herself."

FOR his third ballet Skibine has chosen to produce a Russian folk-ballet of the *Prince Igor* genre, with a strong narrative element.

The first scene is a well-arranged male ensemble dance representing the unequal battle between the Russian officer and hordes of mounted Caucasian warriors.

The second scene is largely taken up by some capital Caucasian folk-dances, for which Skibine had the collaboration of Charles Abachidze. After these have worked up to a fine frenzy of excitement the last scene comes as an anti-climax.

This final scene is an impassioned *pas de deux* for the released captive and his deliverer. Their dance is interrupted at frequent, and apparently arbitrary intervals, by an Eagle, who is possibly a survival from the Pushkin original, but meaningless to those without knowledge of the poem.

The strength of the ballet rests in its Caucasian dances, its weakness is the shadowy nature of its narrative and protagonist, who attracts but little attention before the end of the second scene.

It seems an uneven work, not fulfilling the sensitive promise the choreographer showed in *Annabel Lee*, nor possessing the theatrical sense revealed by *Tragedy in Verona*, Skibine's first ballet.

The principals, including Skouratoff in a regrettably brief part and Seillier leading a lively folk dance, all danced well.

DONA INES DE CASTRO

Ballet by ANA RICARDA; music by JOAQUIN SERRA; decor and costumes by CELIA HUBBARD; choreography by ANA RICARDA.

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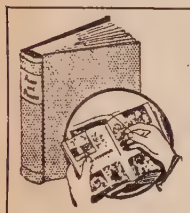

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Photographs of the Dancers of Bali *who appeared at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, from August* 26 *to September* 6. Left: *Sampih in* Kebiar, *the dance created by Mario, the most famous of Balinese male dancers.* Above: The Barong, *a mythical animal who protects the Balinese against evil.* *Photos: John Graham*

First given in Great Britain at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, September 4, 1952.

Dona Ines de Castro	ROSELLA HIGHTOWER
Don Pedro	GEORGE SKIBINE
L'Infante de Navarre	ANA RICARDA
The Councillor	WLADIMIR SKOURATOFF
The King of Portugal	JOHN TARAS

Courtiers, Nymphs and Monsters

So strong is Don Pedro's love for Dona Ines de Castro that he refuses the marriage planned by his father, the King of Portugal, to the Infanta of Spain. A councillor persuades the King that Ines must die, but when the King wishes to cancel the order, it is too late, and the King dies of remorse. Mad with despair, Don Pedro requests that his beloved must be crowned as Queen in spite of her death, and that the court should do homage to her. In a state of madness, he finds the guilty councillor and kills him.

BASING her work on an interesting legend Ana Ricarda has produced a ballet which has an excellent closing scene. The preamble essential to this scene's presentation is less satisfactory.

Not only is her command of story-telling technique occasionally at fault, but the introduction into the ballet of castanet-playing by the Infanta, presumably to indicate her Spanish blood, is an unfortunate intrusion.

It may also be felt that the choreography, though fluent, lacks expression. Ines' variation in the first scene, culminating in a series of spins and whip-turns, is a case in point. Most of the ballet's effect arises from situation, the choreography is comparatively unoriginal.

However, Ricarda has a feeling for period and the final scenes are first-rate theatre. A funeral cortege enters the throne room. Here the mad Pedro props up the corpse of Ines and compels his courtiers to pay her homage. Terrified, they slink away, leaving the insane king to dance with the monsters of his imagination.

At the climax of the dance he takes the corpse by the hand, attempting to pull her into the dance. The corpse collapses lifeless to the ground. A horrifying yet at the same time poetic conception.

The atmospheric music supports the ballet, the scenery is efficient, while some of the costumes are exceptionally beautiful.

The role of Don Pedro is perfect for Skibine. The haughty nobility of the early scenes comes naturally to him and he simulated madness with grotesque power. Hightower danced and mimed faultlessly as Ines, and Skouratoff gave a spirited sketch of the Machievellian councillor.

FESTIVAL BALLET

WHEN Festival Ballet first produced *The Nutcracker,* the roles of Snow Queen and Nutcracker Prince were doubled with those of Sugar Plum Fairy and her Cavalier. On the first night of the company's summer season at the Royal Festival Hall, this practice was abandoned to the consequent detriment of the ballet's unity and interest. At later performance it was re-instated with Arova and Briansky, and Wright and Gilpin, in addition to the more familiar partnership of Leslie and Gilpin.

Sonia Arova gave a brilliant performance both as the Snow Queen, which was a coruscation of icicles, and the Sugar Plum Fairy. She has an individual classical style and now carries enough authority to transform what in some dancers would be affectation —those splayed-out fingers, for example—into a personal manner. Oleg Briansky partnered her well and his bearing and stage presence were all that one could wish. His rather untidy and lack-lustre dancing was not.

Belinda Wright, although an adequate Snow Queen, is not yet ready for the more searching test of the last act *pas de deux.* Her dancing, able enough in its way, had more soubrette charm than the illuminating dazzle of the classical ballerina. She is a spontaneous, naturally gifted dancer who may in time embrace, as did Danilova, both the soubrette and classical range. But not, I fancy, this year. John Gilpin danced and partnered at his best; they both, in dancing together, added up to a quality of youthful grace.

Briansky has now worked into the role of the Hussar in *Beau Danube.* There was a convincing air of devilment about his performance which eludes Gilpin, but it still lacked finesse. Arova made a good Street Dancer—rowdy, quarrelsome and ostentatiously seductive. Wolfgang Brunner jumped like an Olympic gold medallist as the Dandy, but was not nearly dandified enough and his body has not the flexibility required by Massine's choreography. Daphne Dale's performance as the First Hand did not justify her omission of the *fouettés* in the finale. Such changes of choreography should as far as possible only be made to accommodate outstanding characterisations.

Ballets old and not very new

The company's third programme consisted of *Scheherazade, Le Spectre de la Rose, The Pas de Quatre* and *Symphonic Impressions.* Nothing will convince me that this last ballet, though heartrendingly well danced by the company, is worthy of retention in the repertory.

Scheherazade is, like nearly all their repertory, given with enormously likeable gusto. But neither this nor individual performances, including Peter White's noble Sharyar and Beriosoff's pot-bellied and vacillating Eunuch, can disguise the fact that of all Fokine's ballets still performed this has lost the most. Louis Godfrey, a notably improved dancer, has made his London debut as the Golden Slave. A brave try which only really came to life in his death agonies, which were well done.

Vasilie Trunoff is getting more to grips with his roles in *Prince Igor* and *Scheherazade* and is still unequalled in the *Nutcracker* Gopak. His appearance in *Le Spectre de la Rose* was a triumph of miscasting. Nathalie Leslie was a zombie-like Young Girl.

The Pas de Quatre is a tasteful, sweetly-acid reconstruction by Dolin. Its charm depends partly on its performers recapturing the atmosphere of the Romantic lithographs, but the work is undeniably enhanced if it is performed by four contemporary and, if possible, indisputable ballerinas. What is uproariously amusing when done by Markova to Danilova is only faintly funny when entrusted to artists less universally celebrated. Probably Noel Rossana and Joyce Graeme (appearing as Guest Artist) fitted most successfully into the picture. Arova was as unsuitable in this ballet as Taglioni would probably have been in the *Don Quixote pas de deux.*

Spain, soubrettes and wilis

The company's famous production of *Giselle* was preceded by *Fiesta Espagnol* and the *Harlequinade pas de deux.* The Ana Ricarda *Fiesta* is conscientiously Spanish and was danced enthusiastically by the company led by Louis Godfrey and Anita Landa. Initiates have by now seen so much Spanish dancing that we are blasé of the pseudo variety (perhaps that is part of the reason why we were all so disenchanted by the latest revival of *Tricorne*), but those happy people less sophisticated appeared to enjoy it.

Lichine's *Harlequinade* has mercifully been dropped from the repertory and we are left with just the *pas de deux.* The usual cast for this is Wright and Gilpin. Wright came into her own as a superlative soubrette. Her personality bubbled and fizzed as much as her dancing. Why not mount *Coppelia* for her? Why not invite Harald Lander, the Danish ballet master, to show us how *Coppelia* apparently should be produced? Meantime we must make do with her Columbine.

Despite the fact that Stevenson's fine decor for *Giselle* was looking rather the worse for wear, the general production was as satisfactory as ever. A few touches have been added, all improvements. The weakest point of this production is the behaviour of the *corps de ballet,* especially the boys, whose acting leaves much to be desired.

Last season it looked as though Leslie was going to make her Giselle into a notable interpretation. However, so far, there has been no marked improvement; it remains good but still misses the memorable. Her first act is not carefree enough initially and underlines too heavily Giselle's inherent mental instability to provide much contrast with the final mad scene. In the second act her blank-faced Wili carries its pathos by being devoid of humanity. She dances well throughout.

Unfortunately, I missed Dolin's Albrecht, his place being taken by Gilpin. Gilpin acted with sincerity, restraint and a conviction that certainly was not his a year ago. The emphatic ardour of his performance with an older dancer might have struck a false note, but he by portraying Albrecht as little more than an adolescent could get away with it.

Joyce Graeme's Myrthe has become something of a minor legend, and it is worth remembering that she is the prototype of the many frozen-faced, implacable Myrthes who have taken the role since her first appearances with the Ballet Rambert six years ago. Although Joyce Graeme does not dance the role quite as well as some, her conception of it has a dominating power. Together with Margaret Hill and Paula Hinton, she is one of the best Wili Queens to be seen in England since the war.

Clive Barnes

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

THE first night of Ashton's *Sylvia* was on September 3 and will be fully reported in our next issue. After the present season finishes on September 27, the company (excepting Elvin, May and Beriosova) fly to Berlin where they are giving five performances at the Stadtische Oper. This has been arranged by the British Council in conjunction with the General Administrator of the Royal Opera House and the Arts Council. The repertory includes *Giselle, Donald of the Burthens, Daphnis aud Chloe, Scenes de Ballet, Les Patineurs* and *Checkmate.*

On return from Germany, the company will begin a five weeks' provincial tour including two weeks at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, Cardiff and Southampton. The next season opens at Covent Garden on November 15 and will continue more or less unbroken until the company goes for its annual holiday in the summer of next year. After that they leave for a tour of USA.

During the next season we can expect new works from John Cranko and Andrée Howard. The full-length *Lac des Cygnes*, with new designs by Leslie Hurry and much of the original choreography restored, will be ready for Christmas of this year. Both Markova and Shearer are to appear as guest artists in the New Year.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

ON the first night of the London showing of Cranko's *Reflection* (September 4), Andrée Howard's *Fete Etrange* returned to the repertoire. It is hard to understand why the ballet was ever dropped, because it is Howard's most sensitive work and almost one of the finest English works.

As the young bride who is torn between love for her intended husband and the country boy whom she picked-up in the woods, Elaine Fifield has a role which now suits her to perfection. She has recently developed a lyrical quality which has not been apparent in her work previously. I hope that she will continue to dance in this ballet because here she may find a role that will always be associated with her, as is the title role in *Pineapple Poll*.

Trecu as the Country Boy also has a role which suits him perfectly. At the time when Howard created this ballet, the dances she devised for the male dancers were not her strong point. Trecu has overcome the shortcomings of the choreography by his artistry. David Gill is suitably stilted and sympathetic as the rather ill-treated bridegroom.

After the season finishes at Sadler's Wells Theatre on October 18, the company will tour the provinces until the beginning of December. During the next London season, Margaret Dale (from the first company) will mount a new work.

Peter Williams

DANCERS OF BALI

THE company which flew direct from the island of Bali to open a short season at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, on August 26 was the first of its kind ever to be seen in England. Many artists have given dances from this island, but never have we seen a company with the tropical sun almost still glowing on them.

The presentation was excellent and, as far as can ever be obtained in a Western theatre, the atmosphere of a Balinese village dance presentation was captured. The night sky glowed and the magnificent costumes of the dancers were seen to their best advantage against the red brick of a structure resembling some kind of temple. Ranged on each side of the stage was the large Gamelan orchestra with its glittering gongs and xylophones. On each side of the centre opening sat the two drummers who lead the Gamelan. They are the link between the orchestra and the dancers.

The dancers come on through the centre opening. Casually they lean against the two pillars looking quite insignificant. As the music starts they become transformed and perform the symbolic and traditional movements with the majesty of deities. The dances do not flow as one might expect. Occasionally there is a pause in the music, the dancer stops, resuming his vigorous movements a few seconds later. The dances do not end with a flourish; they just stop and the dancer walks off as casually as he or she entered.

Although the dances had been shortened considerably for Western presentation they still seemed rather lengthy compared with the not necessarily beneficial slickness of our own dancing. In the leisure of a tropical night, this form of dance must transport the spectator to a wonderland far from the dreariness of today.

Of the classical dances, by far the most interesting was the ancient *légong*, a female derivation of the court dances originally performed by boys. The story concerns a Princess who has been captured by King Lasem, who threatens to kill her father unless she yields to him. She refuses him, but after a raven of ill omen has flown in front of him, he is killed. The dance contains many contrasting movements for two girls which would seem to have been inspired by the sculptured reliefs from the temples of Ankor. It was beautifully given by Ni Gusti Raka, Agung Oka and Anak Agung Anom.

The modern *kebyar*, dance for boys, was given by Sampih. This was created by Mario, the most famous of contemporary male Balinese dancers. Mainly performed from a squatting position, all movement across the stage was made from this position—an extraordinary feat of muscular control.

'Unusual and exciting was the trance dance in which a singing chorus became transformed into monkeys. This was an episode from the *Ramayana* in which a Monkey Prince comes to the rescue of the kidnapped wife of Rama.

A curious fact about the performance was that the many humorous episodes using clowns bore a most striking resemblance to the clowns who come on in the Western circus. It seems that the Kokos, Pimpos and Whimsical Walkers are the same the world over and that their material is almost as old as time itself.

We should indeed be grateful to John Coast, who collected the company together, and Derrick de Marney, who presented them in London, for giving us a chance to see this ancient and fabulous form of dance art.

Peter Williams

BALLET NÈGRES

BERTO PASUKA'S company gave a London season at the Twentieth Century Theatre (where they started five years ago) from September 2 for three weeks.

This company has several good dancers, particularly in Pearl and Tony Johnson and in Pasuka himself, who was outstanding in *De Prophet*. The two new works given during the season were *Nine Nights*, about the ritual vigil after a death in the West Indies, and *Cabaret* 1920 about a Harlem night club during the 'twenties.

The works as a whole fell into the same form—wild drumming for the Negro sections and piano music for the appearance of white people. There was a certain monotony about everything, in spite of the liveliness of the dancing. Pasuka is undoubtedly a talented dance arranger but the repertoire would benefit by having some works from other choreographers.

TELEVISION

OF all "classics" *Coppelia* has what is probably the most compact and simple story. Apart from the last act, which is mostly divertissements, the plot of the ballet is always well to the fore. This greatly aided Michel de Lutry's television production, which stressed the dramatic rather than the purely dancing element of the work. In doing this de Lutry wisely dispensed with all of the last act except the *Grande Adage* and the finale, which were made to follow on the second act as a denouement. As a result it became a charming rustic ballet instead of the usual overblown bore.

The principals co-operated well in stressing the peasant nature of the work. Denys Palmer was a likeable Franz, a village boy with a nose for adventure. Michael Holmes's Doctor Coppelius was sufficiently doddering to be amusing, but not too bizarre to miss that touch of mystery which makes this a ballet and not a knockabout comedy.

As the Burgomaster, Travis Kemp was correctly rural, but his mime was too hurried and weak to be intelligible.

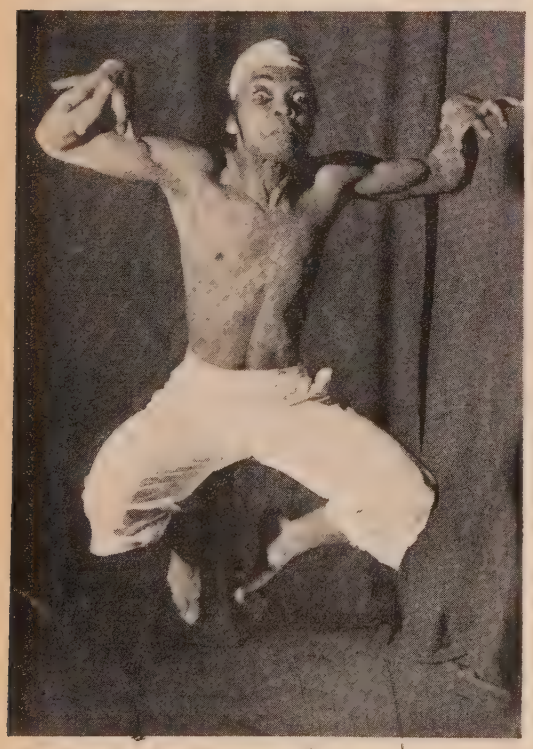
Swanilda is not Domini Callaghan's best role. She excels in lyrical and dramatic roles in which her sincerity and fluid dancing can be exploited. Her technique is too soft to make the most of the dazzling *enchainements*. Her personality smacked too much of the village schoolmarm and not enough of the lovable gamin that Swanilda should be. This had the unfortunate effect of making Franz's flirtatiousness pathetic rather than humorous.

Nevertheless, there were moments of great natural gaiety, for Callaghan's dancing is always a model of neatness and musicality, always pleasing to watch. She has mastered the subtleties of dancing for television which so completely eluded the B.B.C.'s succession of guest ballerinas.

The *corps-de-ballet* were well trained and gave the Hungarian folk dances with verve and virility combined with discipline. Leading them was Moira Tucker, who might have been fed all her life on Goulash and Tokay. She is one of those fortunate dancers who can make national dances look the best of ballet.

The weakest element in the production was the fussy sets which Barry Learoyd designed. Ballet on television is almost entirely a matter of black and white lines competing for the audience's attention. The more there are of these in the setting the less chance the dancers have of asserting themselves. In this production they were practically swamped in detailed architecture and costumes.

Jeffrey Solomons



Left: *Berto Pasuka as the Possessed One in the ballet* Nine Nights *which had choreography by Pasuka and music by Geoffrey Russell Smith.*

Below: *The final moment from Pasuka's ballet* Blood *in which a white man (Tony Johnson) marries a half-caste girl (Pearl Johnson). They are seen on the ground after their tragic death.* *Photo: Angus McBean*

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

DENMARK

FOLLOWING the usual tradition, the repertory list for the next season at the Royal Theatre was published a few days before the opening on September 1. The most interesting item is the revival of Bournonville's *A Fairy Tale*. This was seen a few years ago when Harald Lander revived it to celebrate its hundred years' jubilee. It is good to know that this, one of Bournonville's most charming works, will have its place in the repertoire.

George Balanchine has given his *Symphony in C* as a gift to the Royal Theatre. It is to be staged by Vida Brown, who is ballet mistress of the New York City Ballet. The *premiere* will be sometime in October.

Another addition to the repertoire is *The Courtisan*, with choreography by Borge Ralov. The music is by the well-known Danish composer, Neils Viggo Bentzon, who was responsible for *Metaphor*. The works will be given in the spring.

Harald Lander's idea of using the annex-stage of the Royal Theatre, as an experimental stage for young choreographers, is about to take shape. Frank Schaufuss is to make Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for violins*, Erik Bruhn will create a work to Morton Gould's *Interplay*, and Fredbjorn Bjornson is also doing a ballet to a composer not yet chosen.

It is possible that Tamara Toumanova will appear as a guest artist together with André Eglevsky sometime in October. There is every hope that Ulanova will appear as a guest artist in Copenhagen.

Bent Schonberg

GERMANY

WEG IM NEBEL (The Misty Way)

First given at the Opera House, Essen, on June 21, 1952, by the Ballets Jooss. Choreography by Kurt Jooss; music by Aleida Montijn; costumes by Robert Pudlich.

First movement : Exile
Rolf Alexander, Ulla Söderbaum, Michelle Nadal, Patricio Bunster and ensemble.
Second movement : Barbed Wire
Patricio Bunster, Alfonso Unanue and ensemble.
Third movement : Shadows
Rolf Alexander, Gisela Westerfeld, Hans Züllig.
Fourth movement : The Way
Joan Turner and ensemble.

THIS ballet is a second corollary to *The Green Table* (1932) and is in the form of a suite (the first, *The Mirror* (1935), dealt with the effects of war on the individual, whereas the new work treats aspects of the aftermath of war as applied to groups of society).

The four movements are self-contained, but are linked both by their subject matter and by their musical development. Each presents characters seeking relief from suffering—the uprooted stranger striving in vain to find a place in a world which has no need of him; the refugee deprived of the normal conditions of life whose existence becomes that of an automaton.

The third movement (created by Gisela Westerfeld in the absence of Noelle de Mosa, who was recovering from a foot injury) serves as an intermezzo on the theme of woman, abandoned and deserted, torn between old love and new life, and the finale depicts the return of the joy of living through work of reconstruction—overshadowed, however, by an undefinable fear—the way is still obscured by the mists of the unknown.

Robert Pudlich has designed some fine "atmospheric" costumes, basically grey, but with tinges of dusty pink, amber, turquoise and lavender, which are echoed in the opalescent floor-lighting (dark curtains are the only decor). Jooss' new soloists, Michelle Nadal, Joan Turner, Patricio Bunster and Alfonso Unanue, dance their first "created" roles with spirit, and the two latter (both Chileans) are particularly effective in the second section, against a background of mass movement for the male members of the company which forms the high-spot of the ballet.

Aleida Montijn's music for two pianos is adequate, but not outstanding, having recourse to percussion to avoid monotony and to provide the necessary rhythmic impetus.

J. Stuart Barker

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The Death of Vania Psota

THE death of the Czechoslovak choreographer, I. V. Psota, in February this year was a great loss to international ballet and severed one of the visible links between Czech ballet and its model, the Russian ballet. As a young dancer, Psota joined the de Basil company, working with Massine, Lichine, Shabelevsky, Toumanova, Riabouchinska and Danilova.

Although his achievement in dancing was no mean one—he took over Massine's role in *Petrouchka* at two days' notice, and earned great praise—his interest in the creation of ballet made him turn towards choreography. As a choreographer he was already well-known before the second World War.

During the first years of the German occupation of Czechoslovakia Psota staged Prokofieff's *Romeo and Juliet* and Dvorak's *Slavonic Dances*. The latter, played in Brno and then in Prague, was a clear political call to Slav national feeling under the German yoke. As such, this ballet assumed an important place in Psota's work as an emigrant in America, Canada and Mexico. Through his art, the expression of his nation's tradition, he worked for his nation's cause. Returning to Brno after the war, to the theatre which had seen his earliest ventures as a choreographer, Psota worked on a new production of the *Slavonic Dances*, in which he himself danced the part of Jano, the village bridegroom.

It was this ballet, but without Psota in his favourite role, that the Brno Company brought to Prague recently. Even without his presence, Psota's work was visible in every scene, for it was his valuable contribution to the development of ballet in Czechoslovakia that he trained a new generation of dancers in the classical Russian school of ballet.

Psota's work as a teacher, latterly in the Bratislava Academy, was no less important than his original work as a choreographer. The *Slavonic Dances*, though not a recent work, is typical of his last period—the period which also produced the ballet *King Barley-corn*, a popular legend of the true king who will emerge from hiding when the people's sufferings are at their greatest.

Slavonic folk-lore in ballet

In the *Slavonic Dances* he drew on the whole wealth of Slavonic folk-lore and popular tradition, creating a ballet which uses the riches of the past to express the life of the present.

Like Dvorak's music, Psota's choreography is based not on one, but on many, regional idioms. Dvorak is a remarkably melodic composer and the themes in the *Slavonic Dances* follow one another in varied mood. Psota has interpreted the spirit of the music in scenes from village life where both the sad and gay, dramatic and moving, play their part.

The girls are telling their fortunes, sending their garlands down the stream to be caught by the lover of the future; the lads have their own plan to direct the course of fate. They bring to the girls of their choice the garlands they have woven, and there follows a display of gaiety.

Each boy leaps as high as the corn will grow in his wedding year. Psota has woven customs and folk lore into the dances. It is a story of love, old age, marriage, a mood of simple joys and pleasures, and of love.

Yet the *Slavonic Dances* is no ballet made up of well-known folk dances and village customs. It is rather the interpretation of the mood of Dvorak's short studies. Nor is it like the formalised folk dances popularised by State folk dance groups in Eastern Europe. It is ballet in the classical sense, utilising classical technique and incorporating movements and dance formations from folk dance. This is most notable in the first part of the ballet, centring round the love story of Jano and Milada.

The second part is less dramatic, although the love element is not absent. It is the story of young reapers who determine to see the harvest home before they begin to celebrate Harvest Festival in earnest. It is largely a mime ballet.

Most effective is the reaping scene, when the rows of yellow-skirted dancers fall before the scythe. The swathes of corn are bound in sheaves, the sheaves stooked, the stooks loaded on to the wagon, and the wagon itself, with rotating wheels, is dragged off the stage by prancing horses.

It is a short and relatively unimportant scene, but the combination of youthful elan and technical precision, the popular humour and the symbolism, make it most striking.

Slav appreciation

As in the choreography, in the steps used, so in the costumes designed by Adamicek, the note is not one of accurate regionalism, but an interpretation of the spirit of the *Slavonic Dances*, retaining the colourfulness and grace of peasant costume, designed in keeping with the unified conception of the ballet.

Everywhere throughout the Slav lands these *Slavonic Dances* are welcomed and appreciated; and for the non-Slav world, they would serve as a charming introduction to the Slav spirit—for which, indeed, Dvorak wrote them in the first place.

On this, one of their rare visits to the capital, the Brno Ballet Company were very warmly received. Their previous successes in the annual Theatre Harvest, as well as a most successful appearance at last year's International Film Festival at Kaslovy Vary, have earned them the reputation of being one of the finest ballet companies in Czechoslovakia.

Based on a recent article in *Prague News Letter*.

CANADA

THE Winnipeg Ballet is now preparing for its next season. Five new members have joined the company. From Europe comes Carlu Carter (previously with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet) and John Waks (previously with Festival Ballet). The other three are from Vancouver—Peggy Rae Norman, Gloria Campbell and Marilyn Young (the latter is a product of the Winnipeg School).

The season opens with three performances in Winnipeg on October 29, 30 and 31. The first of these will be attended by His Excellency the Governor General. It is also hoped that Sol Hurok, who has shown much interest in the company, will be present.

A new work depicting pioneer life in Canada will be mounted specially for the occasion. This has choreography by Gweneth Lloyd.

In November, the company is due to visit Western Ontario and possibly North Dakota and Minnesota. In the beginning of January there will be a big tour through the prairie provinces to the Pacific coast and then as far east as Montreal.

Joy Camden

STOP PRESS

AS we go to press there is news of two new companies about to start up in England.

Antoinette Weinberg, former Jooss dancer, and her musician husband, Patrick Harvey, are rehearsing a company of twelve dancers and it is possible that they will open in November. The company at present consists of Angela Bayley, Nigel Burke, Jack Skinner and Margaret Kovac. The repertoire consists of *Outdoor Games* by Walter Gore to Ibert music; a ballet by Jack Carter to music by Benjamin Frankel taken from the film *The Importance of being Earnest;* a new work by Frank Staff to Fauré music; and a ballet by Sigurd Leeder to music specially written by Patrick Harvey.

NADINE NICOLAEVA LEGAT is also forming a company and rehearsals started early in September at Tunbridge Wells. The company hopes to make its debut early in October. The regisseur and resident choreographer is Jan Ceiplinsky and the musical director is Joseph Horowitz.

The principal dancers are Eunice Gibson (Anglo-Polish Ballet), Maya Kumani (Original Ballet Russe), Anthony Burke (Sadler's Wells), Frane Jelick (Jugo-Slav State Ballet), Jurgens Pagels (Hamburg Ballet) and Veseljko Sulich (Jugo-Slav State Ballet). The classics in the repertoire are *Les Sylphides*, *Lac des Cygnes* and *Coppelia*. New works include *Caucasian Fantasy* with choreography by Valentin Prorwitch, *Polish Wedding* by Ceiplinsky, *Symphony for Fun* and *The Young Hercules* by Anthony Burke and *The Amazons* by Nadine Nicholaeva Legat.

THE venture known as Sunday Choreographers has been formed by the two Sadler's Wells companies. The idea is that those members of the company who are interested in choreography can have a stage to show their work. Although the venture has the full support of Dame Ninette de Valois, the dancers themselves will run the society. Performances will be given from time to time whenever a programme is completed. It is hoped to stage the first performance during December. A club will be formed for those members of the public who are interested in attending.

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Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS PROVINCIAL TOUR

The company, including Fonteyn, Elvin, Grey, Nerina, Somes, Field, Grant, Hart and Shaw, will dance *The Three Cornered Hat*, *Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Facade*, *Les Sylphides*, *Don Juan*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Ballet Imperial* and *Coppelia*.

Oct.	
6-19	Davis Theatre, Croydon
(two weeks)	
20	Empire, Cardiff
27	Gaumont, Southampton

Winter season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, opens on November 15.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET at Sadler's Wells Theatre

Sept.	
26	*Summer Interlude*, *Fete Etrange*, *Rake's Progress*
27 (M)	*Summer Interlude*, *Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Pineapple Poll*
29	*Coppelia* (Lane, Trecu)
Oct.	
4	*Les Sylphides*, *Tritsch-Tratsch*, *Jota Toledana*, *Ile des Sirenes*, *Assembly Ball*
9	*Summer Interlude*, *Assembly Ball* (given with the opera, *Dido and Aeneas*)
11 (M)	*Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Reflection*, *Pineapple Poll*
13	*Fete Etrange*, *Tritsch-Tratsch*, *Jota Toledana*, *Ile des Sirenes*, *Summer Interlude*
16	*Les Rendezvous*, *Rake's Progress* (given with the opera, *Dido and Aeneas*)
18 (M)	*Coppelia* (Fifield, Britton)

Provincial Tour

Oct.	
20	New Theatre, Oxford
27	Grand Theatre, Leeds
Nov.	
3	Grand Theatre, Leeds
10	Lyceum, Sheffield
17	New Theatre, Hull
24	Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham
Dec.	
1	New Theatre Royal, Norwich

FESTIVAL BALLET

Oct.	
4- 9	San Carlo, Naples
11-13	Feniche, Venice
15-16	Modena
17-19	Genoa
23-26	Turin

A tour of more Italian towns will be followed by a tour of Switzerland and the Low Countries. The Christmas season at the Royal Festival Hall will last from Boxing Day to January 10. The Coronation season at Festival Hall opens in June 1953.

BALLET RAMBERT

Sept.	
29	Hippodrome, Margate
Oct.	
6	Palace, Plymouth
13	Theatre Royal, Exeter
20	Opera House, Leicester
27	Arts Theatre, Cambridge
Nov.	
10	People's Palace, London
17	Dolphin Theatre, Brighton
24	Playhouse, Kidderminster

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

Sept.	
29	Alhambra, Glasgow
Oct.	
6 & 13	Opera House, Manchester
Oct.	
20	Globe, Stockton-on-Tees
27	Theatre Royal, Newcastle
Nov.	
3	Pavilion, Bournemouth
10	Hippodrome, Bristol
17	Theatre Royal, Hanley

BALLET WORKSHOP at the Mercury Theatre

Oct.	
5-12-	*Peep Show*, *Five Variations with a Theme*, *Bagatelle*
19-26	

TERESA AND LUISILLO COMPANY OF SPANISH DANCERS

Sept.	
28	Olympia Theatre, Dublin
(two weeks)	
Oct.	
12	New Theatre, Hull
19	Lyceum, Sheffield

It is possible that the tour will be extended but will not include a London season.

INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL At the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 23 and 24.

Ballet Correspondents

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; ls.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.)

ANN CALVER, 29 Beech Grove, Guildford, Surrey, wants b.c. f. 15-16. Other dancers preferred in U.S.A., Australia, Britain. m.a. 15. o.i., art, music, dressmaking.

PETER R. BROWN, 104 Earl Street, Northampton, wants b.c. m. 20-35. m.a. 24. o.i., theatre, films, music, dancing, books. All answered.

AUDRIE ANDREWS, 76 West Hill, Hitchin, Herts, wants b.c. f. age 14-16, anywhere. m.a., 14. o.i., all dancing.

MAUREEN WHITTLE, 19 Wallett Avenue, Beeston, Notts, wants b.c. m. or f. England, U.S.A., Canada, age 20-25. m.a., 20. o.i., opera, music, films, books, ice hockey.

MARGARET THOMAS, 32 Ben Edair Road, North Circular Road, Dublin, Ireland, wants b.c. m. or f., anywhere. m.a., 18. o.i., dancing, theatre, reading, art. p.r., all answered.

JEANNE CHALLIS, 184 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, wants b.c. m. or f., age 17 upwards, anywhere. o.i., all dancing, music, records, art, sport. p.r., all answered.

COLLEEN BEST, 65 Monmouth Road, Durban, Natal, S. Africa, wants b.c. m. or f., age 17-20, in Paris, Switzerland, U.S.A., Canada. m.a., 16. o.i., dancing, music, tennis. p.r.

AUDREY RICHARDS, 7 Northfold Road, Leicester, wants b.c. m. or f., age 14-17, in all English or French speaking countries. m.a., 15. ls., French. o.i., reading, ballroom dancing, theatre, films, records. p.r.

PATRICIA BARLOW, 15 Brampton Grove, Kenton, Middlesex, anywhere. m.a., 16. o.i., opera, music, cinema, reading. p.r.

PAULINE LEONARD, 18 Newmarket Road, Brighton, Sussex, wants b.c. m. or f., age 16-20, in Spain, Italy, France, North and South America and Capri. m.a., 16. o.i., theatre, opera, music, films, books.

AUDREY SHAW, 127 Middle Furling Road, Nottingham, wants b.c., Italy, Spain, Vienna. m.a., 19. o.i., travel.

Solution to Crossword on page eighteen

VETERANS

Across. 6, Bouche. 7, Lark. 8, Pro. 9, Lenwood. 11, Scene. 13, Tense. 15, Britton. 16, Set. 19, Gore. 20, No Body.
Down. 1, Tour. 2, Ice. 3, Never. 4, Clowned. 5, Troops. 10, Knitted. 12, Carron. 14, Bonne. 17, Ends. 18, ABC.

BEGINNERS

Across. 6, Beryl's. 7, Earn. 8, Ski. 9, Petipas. 13, Edits. 15, Wistful. 16, Ate. 19, Shoo. 20, Upward.
Down. 1, Peak. 2, Eye. 3, Usher. 4 & 12, Belinda Wright. 5, Breast. 10, Britton. 14, Tutus. 17, Turn. 18, Owe.

NEXT MONTH

Start reading the excerpts from Agnes de Mille's famous book, *Dance to the Piper*, in the November issue of *Dance and Dancers*. The first instalment will be about Marie Rambert and the early days of British ballet.

Other features include photographs and opinions of Ashton's *Sylvia*—Gene Kelly and the film musical — A Festival in the Basque country—all the usual features in 28 pages.

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